M.r Tho.s Caldwall.

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A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN

EPITAPHS,

AND

Inscriptions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED SOME

ON THE

DECEASE

OF

EMINENT PERSONAGES.

Collected by THOMAS CALDWALL.

London:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY THE COMPILER,

Bevis Marks, Saint Mary Axe:

ALSO BY ROBINSONS, PATER-NOSTER-ROW;

JEFFERY, PALL-MALL; SAEL, STRAND;

BELL, OXFORD-STREET; AND

ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

M. DCC. XCVI.

A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN

EPITAPHS,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED SOME

ORIGINAL

EPIGRAMS AND SONNETS.

Collected by THOMAS CALDWALL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY THE COMPILER,

Bell's Court, near Mary Axe:

ALSO BY ROBINSONS, PATER-NOSTER-ROW;

MURRAY, FLEET-STREET; CADELL, STRAND;

ELMSLY, OXFORD-STREET; AND

ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

M, DCC, LXXX.

PREFACE.

THE Compiler of the following sheets, having for many years made it a favourite amusement to collect from the various churches, church-yards, and burial-places (in those situations where business or pleasure induced him to go), such inscriptions as might be useful or entertaining, has been persuaded to form such selection of them as might be pleasing and instructive, and present them to the Public.

The idea of tranſcribing Epitaphs, is by no means new; for we find many writers, not merely giving an account of kingdoms, cities, towns and villages; but

also describing the various mansions of the dead therein, with their monumental inscriptions, &c.—Amongst whom are, CAMPDEN, WEAVER, STOWE, MAITLAND, GOUGH, PECK, with many others: and does not the famous HARVEY, in his Meditations, gently lead mankind to frequent those silent repositories, where each grave is a monitor, and every tomb-stone reminds us of an awful eternity?

In the following pages, it is presumed that the *Man of Religion* will be gratified—that the *Moralist* will find enough whereon to exercise his ablest abilities—and that the *Humourist* will pardon the introduction of some, which seem more suitable for the closet of the *Recluse*, though there are a few which will probably excite the risibility even of the *Morose*.—The friend and admirer of the *Stage* will here be pleased in the preservation of a

copy

copy of the last tribute and memorial paid to the favourite Children of the Tragic and Comic Muse.

Here the Prince, the Peer, the Patriot, and the Beggar, are again displayed; and though their bodies be decayed, their memory is carefully preserved.

" What fine morality would statues preach,
" How great a lesson could cold marble teach,
" If, while contemplating these sculptur'd lays,
" And these long lines of monumental praise,
" We felt the wish, and form'd the bold design,
" To act like those, whose acts were most divine;
" To mark their steps, whose pilgrimage is o'er,
" And rival those, who rival us no more."

See Master DREWITT's Poem, entitled
'A View of Westminster Abbey.'

Says Mr. ADDISON;

" I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to " raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and " gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I " am always serious, I do not know what it is to be me- " lancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of Nature, " in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure " as in her most gay and delightful ones.

" By

" By this means I can improve myself with those ob-
" jects, which others consider with terror.

" When I look upon the tombs of the Great, every
" emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs
" of the Beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out;
" when I meet with the grief of Parents, upon a tomb-
" stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see
" the tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the va-
" nity of grieving for those, whom they must quickly
" follow. When I see Kings lying by those who deposed
" them; when I consider Rival Wits placed side by side;
" or the Holy Men, that divided the world with their
" contests and disputes; I reflect, with sorrow and asto-
" nishment, on the little competitions, factions, and de-
" bates of mankind. When I read the several Dates of
" the Tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some
" six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when
" we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our
" appearance together."

Mr. ADDISON's Remarks upon *Westminster Abbey*. Spectator, No. XXVI. Friday, March, 1711.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 JUL 53

EPI-

EPITAPHS
AND
Monumental Inscriptions.

Wandsworth, Surry.

AT the upper end of the MIDDLE ISLE in the CHURCH is the following Latin inscription on a brass plate inlaid in the grave stone, to the MEMORY of HENRY SMYTH, Esq. commonly known by the name of DOG SMYTH.

Depositum Henr. Smyth
Senatoris Londinensis
Mole sub hac queris, Quis conditur, optime lector?
Cuias? Et qualis? Quantus in orbe fuit?
A dextris muri statuam tu cernere possis
Oranti similem marmore de pario,
Subter quam statuam cernatur tabula sculpta
Auratis verbis quæ tibi cuncta
Notantæ.

Which

Which in English points out that

HENRY SMYTH, a Senator *(i. e. Alderman)* of LONDON lies there buried; and if any one is desirous of knowing more about him, sufficient information may be had by reading the inscription, which is in gilt letters on a tablet under his statue on the right hand of the Communion Table.—Of which the following is a copy:

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF HENRY SMYTH ESQ. SOMETIME CITIZEN AND ALDERMAN OF LONDON, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 3D DAY OF JAN. 1627, BEING THEN NEAR THE AGE OF 79 YEARS, WHO WHILE HE LIVED GAVE UNTO THE SEVERAL TOWNS IN SURRY FOLLOWING ONE THOUSAND POUNDS A PIECE TO BUY LANDS FOR PERPETUITY FOR THE RELIEF AND SETTING THE POOR PEOPLE A WORKE IN THE SAID TOWNS. TO THE TOWNE OF CROYDON ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, TO THE TOWNE OF KINGSTON ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, TO THE TOWNE OF GUILDFORD ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, TO THE TOWNE OF DARKING ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, TO THE TOWNE OF FARNHAM ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, AND BY HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT DID FURTHER GIVE

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GIVE AND DEVISE TO BUY LANDS FOR PERPETUITY FOR THE RELIEF AND SETTING THEIR POOR A WORKE, UNTO THE TOWNE OF RYEGATE ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, UNTO THE TOWNE OF RICHMOND ONE ESPECYALTYE OR DEBT OF A THOUSAND POUNDS, AND UNTO THIS TOWNE OF WANDSWORTH, WHERE HE WAS BORN, THE SUM OF FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, FOR THE SAME USES AS BEFORE.

And did further will and bequeath one thousand pounds to buy land for perpetuity to redeeme poor captives and prisoners from the Turkish tyrannie.

And not here stinting his charitie and bounty, did also give and bequeath the most part of his estate to a great value, for the purchasing lands of inheritance for ever for the relief of the poore and setting them a work, a pattern worthy the imitation of those whom God hath blessed with the abundance of the goods of this life to follow him herein.

This HENRY SMYTH, Esq. also left various other legacies to the different parishes in the county of Surry, except *Mitcham*.

The reason of that parish being precluded seems to be as follows.—That he was whipped in that town as a vagrant, by which it appears that his parents were but of low and mean condition.

By his habitation in *Silver-street*, *London*, many have thought him to be of that profession.—By an inscription in *Great Bookham* church yard, *Surry*, he is called citizen and salter of London.—He appears to have been extremely covetous, and obtained the nick-name of DOG SMITH because he kept no house, but dined at friends houses, and then desired a bit for his dog.

For a more particular account of this person, see *Aubrey's Natural History and Antiquities of Surry*, and *Dale's History of Harwich*.

Olney Church Yard, Bucks.

Confide not, reader, in thy youth or strength,
But more than both the present moment prize:
Graves here surround thee of each breadth and length,
And thou may'st be *(perhaps)* the next that dies.

On Francis Charteris,

By Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to *rot*
The body of FRANCIS CHARTERIS;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY OF LIFE,
Persisted,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY;
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating pravity of his manners,
Than successful
In accumulating WEALTH;
For without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without trust of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY service,
He acquired, or, more properly, created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only person of his time,
Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY,

Retain his primœval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a year;
And having deserved the GIBBET for what he did,
Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.
O indignant reader!
Think not his life useless to mankind!
PROVIDENCE, at his execrable designs,
To give to after ages
A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE
Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the sight of GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY
Of ALL MORTALS.

This man was infamous for all manner of vices. While he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished BRUSSELS, and drummed out of GHENT, on the same account. After an hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and great premium, and accumulating premium, interest and capital into new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due. In a word, by a constant attendance on the wants, vices and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without

out imprisonment in Newgate and large confiscations.

He died in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it.

He was said to be worth seven thousand pounds a year, estates in land, and about one hundred thousand pounds in money.

Alresford, Hants.

Loving, belov'd, in all relations true,
Expos'd to follies, but subdued by few.
Reader, reflect; and copy, if you can,
The social virtues of this honest man.

Bromley, Kent.

Near this place
Lies the body of
ELIZABETH MONK,
Who departed this life the 27th day of August,
1753, aged 101.

She

She was the widow of JAMES MONK, late of this parish, *Blacksmith*,
Her second husband,
To whom she had been a wife near fifty years,
By whom she had no children,
And of the issue of her first marriage none lived to the second.
BUT VIRTUE
Would not suffer her to be childless:
An *Infant*, to whom and to whose father and mother she had been nurse
(Such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity),
Became dependant on strangers for the necessaries of life.
To him she afforded the protection of a mother.
This parental charity was returned with filial affection,
And she was supported in the feebleness of age
By him whom she had cherished in the helplessness of infancy.
Let it be remembered,
That there is no situation in which industry will not obtain power to be liberal,
Nor any character in which liberality will not confer HONOR.
She had been long prepared by a simple and unaffected piety for that awful, which, however delayed, period is universally sure.

How

How few are allowed an equal time of probation!
How many by their lives appear to presume upon more!

To preserve the memory of this person,
But yet more to perpetuate the lesson of her life,
This stone was erected by voluntary contributions.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

BUTLER, the celebrated author of *Hudibras*, was buried in this church. Some of the inhabitants, understanding that so famous a man was there buried, and regretting that neither stone nor inscription recorded the event, raised a subscription for the purpose of erecting something to his memory.—Accordingly they employed an artist, who constructed an elegant Monument, and lately fitted it up in the portico of the church, bearing a medallion of that great man, which was taken from his monument in *Westminster Abbey*.

The following lines were contributed by MR. O'BRIEN, and are engraved beneath the medallion.

A few plain men, to pomp and pride unknown,
O'er a poor bard have rais'd this humble stone,
Whose

Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
Victim of zeal! the matchless HUDIBRAS.

What, tho' fair freedom suffer'd in his page,
Reader, forgive the author—for the age.
How few, alas! disdain to cringe and cant,
When 'tis the mode to play the sycophant.

But oh! let all be taught from BUTLER's fate,
Who hope to make their fortunes by the great;
That wit and pride are always dangerous things,
And little faith is due to courts or kings.

The inscription on his monument in the Abbey is as follows:

Sacred to the memory of
SAMUEL BUTLER,
Who was born
At *Strensham*, in *Worcestershire*, 1612,
And died at *London* 1680;
A man
Of uncommon learning, wit and probity:
As admirable for the product of his genius,
As unhappy in the rewards of them.
His satire,
Exposing the hypocrisy and wickedness of
the Rebels,

Is

Is such an inimitable piece,
That as he was the first,
He may be said to be the last writer,
In his peculiar manner.
That he,
Who, when living, wanted almost every thing,
Might not, after death,
Any longer want so much as a tomb,
JOHN BARBER,
Citizen of *London*, erected this monument
1721.

Mortlake, Surry.

Under this stone are the remains of
JOHN BARBER, Esq.
Alderman of *London*.
A constant benefactor to the poor;
True to his principles in church and state.
He preserved his integrity and discharged the duty
Of an upright Magistrate
In the most corrupt times.
Zealous for the rights of his fellow-citizens,
He opposed all attempts against them;
And being Lord-Mayor of *London*
In the year 1733,

Was

Was greatly instrumental in defeating
A scheme of a GENERAL EXCISE:
Which (had it succeeded)
Would have put an end to the LIBERTIES OF HIS COUNTRY.
He departed this life January 2d, 1740, aged 65.

Epitaphium Chemicum.

Here lyeth to DIGEST, MACERATE and AMALGAMATE with CLAY
In BALNEO ARENÆ
STRATUM SUPER STRATUM,
The RESIDUUM, TERRA DAMNATA and CAPUT MORTUUM
of B. G. CHEMIST.
A man who, in his earthly LABORATORY,
Pursued various PROCESSES TO OBTAIN
ARCANUM VITÆ, or
The secret to live;
Also AURUM VITÆ, or
The art of GETTING, not of MAKING GOLD.
ALCHEMIST like, he saw
All his LABOUR and PROJECTION,
AS MERCURY IN THE FIRE, EVAPORATED IN FUMO.

When

When he DISSOLVED to his FIRST PRINCIPLES,
He DEPARTED AS POOR
As the LAST DROPS of AN ALEMBIC.
Tho' fond of novelty, he carefully avoided
The FERMENTATION, EFFERVESCENCE, and
DECREPITATION of this life.
Full seventy years his EXALTED ESSENCE
Was HERMETICALLY SEALED in its TERRENE MATTRASS:
But the RADICAL MOISTURE being EXHAUSTED,
The ELIXIR VITÆ spent,
And EXSICCATED TO A CUTICLE,
He could not SUSPEND LONGER in his VEHICLE,
But PRECIPITATED GRADATIM
PER CAMPANAM
To his ORIGINAL DUST.
May the light above, more RESPLENDENT than
BOLOGNIAN PHOSPHORUS,
Preserve him from
The ATHANOR, EMPYREUMA, and REVERBERATORY FURNACE
Of the other world,
DEPURATE him from the FÆCES AND SCORIÆ
Of this,
Highly RECTIFY AND VOLATILIZE
His ETHEREAL SPIRIT,
Bring it safely over the HELM of human life,
Place it in a PROPER RECIPIENT,

Or CHRISTALLINE ORE,
Among the ELECT of the FLOWERS OF BENJAMIN,
Never to be SATURATED till
The general RESUSCITATION,
DEFLAGRATION, CALCINATION, and
SUBLIMATION
Of all things.

Ockham Church Yard, Surry.

On JOHN SPONG, a Jobbing *Carpenter* of that parish, who died in 1736.

Who many a *sturdy oak had laid along*,
Fell'd by death's surer hatchet, here lies SPONG:
Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And liv'd *by railing*, tho' he was no wit:
Old saws he had, altho' no antiquarian,
And *styles corrected*, yet was no grammarian:
Long liv'd he OCKHAM's premier *Architect*:
And lasting as his fame a tomb t'erect,
In vain we seek an artist such as he,
Whose *pales and gates* were for eternity.
Here doth he rest from all life's care and follies;
O spare, kind heav'n, his fellow lab'rer HOLLIS.

The

The following is said to be in a church yard, at *Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.*

Here lies JANE KITCHEN, who, when her glass was spent,
She kickt up her heels and away she went.

On a stone in a church yard, in *Gloucestershire*, the following is said to be inscribed by a MR. KEMP on his wife: after recording her name, age, and time of death.

Whether in the other world she'll
Know her brother JOHN,
Or scrape acquaintance with
Her sister SOAME,
Is not for me to enquire:
But this I know—
She once was mine,
And now,
To thee, O Lord, I her resign;
And am your humble servant,
ROBT. KEMP.

Whittlesea Church Yard, St. Mary's, Isle of Ely.

Here lyeth the body of
ELIZABETH ADDISON,
JOHN her Son,
And OLD ROGER to come.

St. John's Church Yard, Boston, Lincolnshire.

To the memory of an old man, who sold SHRIMPS in that town.

Pause, Traveller—whoe'er thou art, tread soft
Upon the turf that hides poor WILLIAM CROFT.
Alas! that long continued voice no more
The latent sound of music shall explore.
"SHRIMP it away"—the tenor of his song,
As thro' the lane or street he mov'd along;
'Till, hapless day (the truth of which attest),
Death made a feast, invited many a guest:
At which OLD WILL a wicker basket bore
Replete with *Shrimps*, a valuable store;
Death took the fish and ate them with some rusks,
And stopp'd poor WILLIAM's windpipe with the husks.

St. Dunstan's in the West, London.

ALEXANDER LAYTON, Master of Defence, 1679.

His thrusts like light'ning flew; but skilful Death
Parry'd 'em all, and put him out of breath.

At AMPTHILL is HOUGHTON PARK, belonging to the EARL OF UPPER OSSORY, in which is a stone cenotaph to the memory of CATHARINE* QUEEN TO HENRY VIII. with the following inscription.

In days of yore, here AMPTHILL's towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injur'd QUEEN.
Here flow'd her pure but unavailing tears,
Here blinded zeal sustain'd her sinking years;
Yet freedom hence her radiant banners wav'd,
And love aveng'd a realm of priests enslav'd;
From CATHARINE's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And LUTHER's light from HARRY's lawless bed.

* CATHARINE of *Arragon*, who resided at AMPTHILL after her divorce from HENRY.

St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf.

Here lies one MORE, and no MORE than he,
ONE MORE, and NO MORE! how can that be?
Why ONE MORE and NO MORE may well lie here alone,
But here lies ONE MORE and that's MORE than one.

Twickenham, Middlesex.

Sacred to the memory of
MR. JOHN KENT, citizen and dyer of *London*,
late of this parish,
Who died June 15th, 1778, aged 61;
The best of husbands,
A most indulgent parent,
And a true friend.

As death patrol'd the western road,
Staid in this town a short abode,
Enquiring where true merit lay,
Stopp'd short, and took this worthy man away.

A Man, at *Colesbill, Warwickshire,* was remarkable for having a very large Mouth, and the following is said to be engraven on his tomb stone.

Here lies a man, as God shall me save,
Whose mouth was wide as is his grave :
Reader, tread lightly o'er his clod,
For if he gapes, you're gone by G-D.

St. Alban's, Herts.

In memory of WILLIAM BRAITHWAITE, white-smith, of this parish, who died 15th May, 1757.

My *sledge and hammers* lie reclin'd,
My *bellows*, too, have lost their *wind*,
My *fire's extinct*, my *forge decay'd*,
And in the dust my *vice is lay'd*.
My *coal is spent, my fuel's gone*,
My *nails are drove, my work is done* ;
My *fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest*,
My *soul smoke-like's ascending* to be blest.

Doncaster,

Doncaster, Yorkshire.

HOWE, HOWE, who is here?
I ROBIN of *Doncastere*,
And MARGARET my fere: *
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost.
A. D. 1579.

Quoth ROBERTUS BYRKES, who in this world did reign
Threescore yeares and seven, but lived not ane.

Market Downham, Norfolk.

O *Death*, thou art unkind,
To make us all afraid,
By taking away of RACHEL COBB,
That young and virtuous maid.

* An old term for Wife.

Her

Her age about fifteen,
I think that was th'outside:
She's gone to rest, and there is blest,
I think can't be deny'd.

Tonge, Shropshire.

Here lyeth deposited the body of
LUCY HARE,
Who departed this life 1783, aged 19.

In solemn silence, sweet repose,
Virtue and youth these stones enclose.
The sacred path of truth she trod;
Death snatch'd her home to meet her God,
Eternal joys thro' CHRIST to share,
Prepar'd for all, a LUCY HARE.

Berkley Church Yard, Gloucestershire.

" Here lies the EARL of SUFFOLK's fool,
" Men call'd him DICKY PEARCE;
" His folly serv'd to make men laugh
" When wit and mirth were scarce.

" Poor

" Poor DICK, alas! is dead and gone,
" What signifies to cry?
" Dickys enough are still behind
" To laugh at by and by."

Buried June 18th, 1728, aged 63.

All Saints, Hastings, Sussex.

In memory of THOMAS NOAKES,* who died May 22, 1783, aged 24 years.

May it be known, tho' I am clay,
A base man took my life away;
But freely him I do forgive,
And hope in heaven we shall live.

On the wife of EDWARD GREENWOOD, D. D. from a church yard, in *Devonshire.*

O death, O death, thou hast cut down
The fairest GREENWOOD in all the town;

* He was a smuggler, and was shot on the sea by an officer of the customs.

Her

Her virtues and good qualities were such,
She was worthy to marry a lord or a judge;
Yet such was her condescension and humility,
She chose to marry me, a Doctor of Divinity,
For which heroic act she stands confess'd
Above all women, the PHOENIX of her sex;
And like that bird, one young she did beget,
That she might not leave her friends disconsolate.
My grief for her, alas! is so sore
I can only write two lines more;
For this, and every other good woman's sake,
Never lay a blister on a lying-in woman's back.

On a *Butcher*, whose name was LAMB.

Beneath this stone lies LAMB asleep,
Who dy'd a LAMB, and liv'd a SHEEP:
Many a LAMB and SHEEP he slaughter'd,
But BUTCHER DEATH the scene has alter'd.

The

The following is reported to be in the church yard, at *Midhurst*, *Sussex*.

On an incorrigible Shrew.

Beneath this stone
Lies my wife JOAN,
To H—LL she's gone, no doubt;
For if she be not,
If HEAV'N's her lot,
I must (God wot) turn out.

Conway, *Caernarvonshire*.

Here lyeth the Body
Of NICHOLAS HOOKES, of *Conway*, gentleman,
Who was the one and fortieth child of his father,
WILLIAM HOOKES, Esq. by ALICE his wife;
And the father of twenty-seven children.
He died the 20th of March, 1637.
This inscription was revived in 1720, at the
Charge of JOHN HOOKES, Esq.

Heydon,

Heydon, Yorkshire.

Here lyeth the body of
WILLIAM STRUTTON, of *Padrington*,
Buried the 18th of May, 1734,
Aged 97.
Who had, by his first wife, twenty-eight children,
And by a second seventeen;
Own father to forty-five,
Grand-father to eighty-six,
Great-grand-father to ninety-seven,
And great-great-grand-father to twenty-three;
In all, two hundred and fifty-one.

Said to be on a tomb-stone at *Arlington*, near *Paris*.

Here lie
Two grand-mothers with their two grand-daughters,
Two husbands with their two wives,
Two fathers with their two daughters,
Two mothers with their two sons,
Two maidens with their two mothers,
Two sisters with their two brothers,
Yet but six corps in all lie buried here,
All born legitimate, and from incest clear.

Hampton Ridware, Staffordshire.

Underneath lies the body of THOMAS ALLESTREE, M. A. late rector of this parish, and prebendary of *Litchfield*, who was a minister of the Church of England 54 years. He composed 500 sermons, and preached above 5000 times. He died the 30th day of June, 1715, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall-street.

Here lyeth the body of FRANCES CROKE, the loving and beloved wife of PAULUS AMBROSIUS CROKE, of the INNER TEMPLE, Esq. who died the 10th day of July, 1605, aged 22 years.

Well born she was, but better born againe:
Her first birth to the flesh did make her debtor,
The latter in the spirit (by CHRIST) hath set her
Freed from fleshe's debts, death's first and latter gaine;
Wives pay no debts, whose husbands live and reign.

Cirencester

Cirencester Church Yard.

Death takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

Belchamp St. Paul's, Essex.

To the memory of MRS. NEWMAN, wife of MATTHEW NEWMAN, of this parish, who died February the 20th, 1788, aged 38.

Beneath reposes all that heav'n could lend,
The best of wives, the mother, and the friend.
In sickness patient, and to death resign'd,
She left the world a pattern to mankind.

Go then, bless'd soul, partake the joys of heaven,
A just reward for joys thyself hast given.
Tho' man's fond eye resigns thee with a tear,
The eye of faith shall view thee happy there.

Great Cornard, Suffolk.

Here lies the body of JOE SEWELL,
Who to his wife was very cruel;
And likewise to his brother Tom,
As any man in Christendom.
This is all I'll say of JOE,
There he lies, and let him go.

Aberconway Church Yard.

"Many an holy text around she shews,
"That teach the rustic moralist to die."

St. Ann's, Soho.

Near this place is interred
THEODORE, King of CORSICA,
Who died in this parish December 11th, 1756,
Immediately after leaving
The KING'S BENCH prison,

By

By the benefit of the act of insolvency:
In consequence of which
He registered his kingdom of CORSICA
For the use of his creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
But THEODORE this moral learn'd ere dead,
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and deny'd him bread.

Chelsea Hospital.

Here lies WILLIAM HISELAND;
A veteran, if ever soldier was;
Who merited well a pension,
If long service be a merit;
Having served upwards of the days of man;
Antient, but not superannuated:
Engaged in a series of wars,
Civil as well as foreign,
Yet not maimed or worn out by either.
His complexion was fresh and florid,
His health hail and hearty,
His memory exact and ready.
In stature
He exceeded the military size;

In strength
He surpassed the prime of youth!
And,
What rendered his age still more patriarchal,
When above an hundred years old,
He took unto him a wife.
Read, fellow-soldiers, and reflect,
That there is a spiritual warfare
As well as a warfare temporal.

Born the 1st *August*, 1620, died the 16th *February*, 1732, aged 112.

Bolton, Yorkshire.

Blush not, marble,
To rescue from oblivion
The memory of
HENRY JENKINS;
A person obscure by birth,
But of a life truly memorable:
For
He was enriched with the goods of nature,
If not of fortune;
And happy in the duration,
If not variet of enjoyments:

And
Tho' the partial world
Despised and disregarded
His low and humble state,
The equal eye of Providence
Beheld and blessed it
With a patriarch's health and length of days!
To teach mistaken man,
"These blessings are entail'd on temperance,"
"A life of labour, and a mind at ease."
He lived to the amazing age of
One hundred and sixty-nine,
Was interred *December* 6th, 1670,
And had this justice done to his memory 1743.

As JENKINS was born before parish registers were kept in churches, so his age could only be known from circumstances. When witness on a trial at York, being asked by one of the judges, what particular battle or other event happened within his memory? he answered, that when the battle of FLODDEN was fought, he was turned of twelve years of age, and saw the EARL OF SURRY march northward at the head of the army. That the earl rested with the army one day at NORTHALLERTON, and an order was sent from him to all the neighbouring parishes to furnish each a certain number of bows and arrows; and that being in harvest, the

the arrows were sent on horseback, attended by some of the boys, all the men being employed in reaping. That he was sent to take care of the horses belonging to BOLTON, and saw the arrows delivered at NORTHALLERTON; after which he brought home the horses, and in a few days heard that the SCOTS were defeated, and their king slain.

Nothing can more clearly prove the age of this man than the above account; for JAMES IV. entered ENGLAND on the 24th of *August*, 1513, and the EARL OF SURRY began his march from YORK on the first of *September*. He reviewed his army at BOROUGHBRIDGE, and halted next day at NORTHALLERTON, from whence he marched north, and the battle was fought on the ninth of *September*, 1513; so that if JENKINS was turned of twelve at that time, he must have been born about 1500, and dying in 1670, he was at least one hundred and sixty nine years of age.

When he was about 160 years of age, being unable to follow his original employment as a fisherman, he used to bind sheaves of corn for the farmers, and retained his sight and hearing to the last.

On

On Dr. Johnson,

Said to be written by SOAME JENYNS, *Esq.*

Here lies poor JOHNSON; reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping BEAR;
Religious, moral, gen'rous and humane
He was—but self-sufficient, rude and vain:
Ill-bred, and overbearing in dispute;
A scholar and a christian—yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth and melancholy,
BOSWELL and THRALE, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and cough'd and spit.

On a small grave stone at *White-ladies*, near *Boscobel-house*, in *Shropshire*.

Here lyeth
The bodie of a friende
The king did call
DAME JOANE;

But

But nôw shee is
Deceast and gone.

Interred anno Domini
1669.

What the surname of DAME JOANE was we are not informed; but the following incident induced CHARLES THE SECOND to reckon her among the number of his friends.

A few days before or after his concealment in the OAK, he happened to seek refuge in a farm house, the mistress of which (it is imagined DAME JOANE) dressed him like a clown, and set him to turn the spit. His pursuers having an idea of his being in the premises, examined them very closely, and, in their search, entered the kitchen. On their approach, CHARLES looked round, which the protectress observing, she seized the basting ladle, and with it gave the king a severe blow on the back, saying to him very angrily, "And what do you stare at, "you dog you? why do not you mind what you are "about?" This reprimand furnished CHARLES with a pretext for keeping his eyes fixed downwards upon the spit; which attitude, together with the slouched hat, effectually concealed him from the recognizance of his enemies.

I have

I have been repeatedly informed that the following is on a stone in a *Church yard*, in *Sussex*, but have not been able to learn what parish.

You think, perhaps, I am dead,
But 'tis a mistake:
I am just beginning to live.

MR. JOHN BASKERVILLE, so well known for the elegance and beauty of his printing, died at *Birmingham* in 1775, and was inurned, according to his desire, in a conical building near his late widow's house, in the said town, with the following epitaph, written by himself, inscribed thereon.

Stranger,
Beneath this cone, in UNCONSECRATED ground,
A friend to the liberties of mankind directed
His body to be inurned.
May the example contribute to emancipate
Thy mind
From the idle fears of SUPERSTITION,
And the wicked arts of priesthood.

On

On Mr. *Elijah Fenton*, by Mr. *Pope*, at *Eastham-stead, Berks*, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man;"
A poet, blest beyond a poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

St. Peter's, Norwich.

Here lies the corpse of LADY ANN,
Blame her who list, and praise who can;
Tho' skill'd in deep astrology,
She could not read her destiny.
In her observe each creature's lot,
And mend thy manners, Master SCOTT.
Sure as thou did'st her coffin make,
So death thy doom shall undertake.

December 12th, 1750.

In

In the chancel of the church at *Cleobury Mortimer*, in *Shropshire*, is the following, which conveys to the mind the most feeling sentiments of unfeigned duty from an obedient son to an indulgent parent.

The Rev. Mr. William Edwards, late vicar of this church, died February 16th, 1737, aged 77.

The ritual stone thy son doth lay
O'er thy respected dust,
Only proclaims the mournful day
When he a parent lost.

Fame will convey thy virtues down,
Thro' ages yet to come;
'Tis needless, since so well they're known,
To crowd them on thy tomb.

Deep to engrave them on my heart,
Rather demands my care;
Ah! could I stamp in ev'ry part
The fair impression there!

In life to copy thee I'll strive,
And when I that resign,
May some good natur'd friend survive,
To lay my bones by thine.

Stoke Newington, Middlesex.

On the top stone of a handsome monument.

This tomb was erected by WILLIAM PICKET, of the CITY of LONDON, *Goldsmith*, on the melancholy death of his daughter ELIZABETH.

On the side next the road.

A testimony of respect
From greatly afflicted parents;
In memory of ELIZABETH PICKET, *Spinster*,
Who died December 11th, 1781,
Aged 23 years.

Next the church.

This much lamented
Young person expired in consequence
Of her cloaths taking fire
The preceding evening.

On

On the stone below.

Reader, if ever you should witness such an affecting scene; recollect that the only method to extinguish the flame is to stifle it by an immediate covering.

Next the field.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet soft; so stout, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n as pure gold, by flaming tortures try'd,
The angel bore them, but the mortal dy'd.

Next the wall.

Not a sparrow falls
On the ground without
Our heavenly Father.

The same *Church Yard.*

LEWIS LEWIN died 1764, aged 52.

Here lies within this hollow span
The relicks of an HONEST MAN;
While living lov'd by many, now he's dead,
Upon his grave will many tears be shed.

Bunney or Boney, Nottinghamshire.

On Sir THOMAS PARKINS, Bart. who, some years before his death, had his coffin made and deposited in the church of this parish, where his monument was also erected, and on it placed his statue in the character of a wrestler ready to encounter his antagonist.

He applied to several persons for a monumental inscription, allusive to his favourite diversion of wrestling, and at length made choice of one which is in Latin——the English runs thus.

At length he falls, the long—long contest's o'er,
And TIME has thrown whom none e'er threw before;
Yet boast not, TIME, thy victory, for he
At last shall rise again, and conquer thee.

Lambeth Church Yard, Surry.

MARY, the wife of WILLIAM CUBETT, died February 2d, 1785, aged 51.

She was,—but words are wanting to say what—
Think what a wife should be;—and she was that.

At

At the village of *Kirklees*, in *Yorkshire*, was formerly to be seen the funeral monument of the famous ROBIN HOOD; who is said to have been bled to death at a nunnery of the *Cistertian* order in this place.

It is a large stone, on which were engraved the following words.

Here underned dis laid stean
Lais ROBERT earl of HUNTINGTUN,
Na arier as hie sa geud,
An pipl kauld im, ROBIN-HEUD.
Sic ut lauz an his men
Vil ENGLAND niver see agen.
Ob. 24 kal. Dec. 1247.

He is described different by different writers, but it is most reasonable to suppose that he was one of those youths who resented the enclosing the forests; and being proscribed in the reign of RICHARD I. he raised a band of men, who acted under his command, and infested all the towns near Sherwood forest, after robbing the passengers, but never proceeded to any acts of cruelty, but in his own defence.

In his old age, he retired to a convent on the borders of *Yorkshire*, but of his being bled to death, there is no certain proof.

Bunhill Fields, North Side.

ANNE KNOLLYS, daughter of JOHN CHENEY, Esq. wife of HANSARD KNOLLYS, Minister of the gospel, by whom he had issue seven sons and three daughters: she died *April* 30th, 1671.

My only wife, that in her life
Liv'd forty years with me,
Lives now in rest, for ever blest,
With immortality.

My dear is gone, left me alone,
For CHRIST to do and die,
Who dy'd for me and dy'd to be
My SAVIOUR GOD most high.

In the choir of the parish church of *Hindlebanch*, in *Switzerland*, is an elegant monument to the memory of Madame LANGHANS, executed by MR. JOHN AUGUSTUS NAHL, late sculptor to the king of Prussia.

This lady, who was esteemed the greatest beauty in *Switzerland*, died in childbed at Hindlebanch, in the delivery of her first infant, at the age of 28. Her husband, who was parson of the village, sharply afflicted at the loss, found in MR. NAHL, an artist, who by his efforts eternized the grief of the husband and the memory of the beloved wife.

The innumerable instances of these monuments of human fragility appeared to have exhausted all resources of art and genius; but MR. NAHL was not deterred by this vulgar sentiment. MAD. LANGHANS, having died on Easter eve, the circumstances of the event happening at that critical moment inspired him with so happy an allusion to the certainty of our resurrection, so new, so simple, and at the same time so sublime, that no person can withhold their admiration.

From a simple block of freestone, but of a very fine grain, he formed the figures and the tomb. The tomb burst asunder, as if the day of general retribution

tion was arrived, when the sepulchres must deliver up their dead. The stone which covers the tomb rises up as it breaks in the centre, and discovers this beautiful woman and her infant, just recovered from the dead. She rises on the instant of her awakening, and seems on the point of taking her flight to the heavens. The sentiment of her happy immortality gives a serene and majestic composure to her countenance; with one arm she appears to push up the stone, which yet opposes her passage, and with the other presses to her bosom her reanimated infant, who also with his little hands seems inclined to assist in disengaging themselves from the dismal abode.

The cleft where the stone separates into three pieces is so naturally expressed, that the spectator is disposed to wait in expectation of seeing the tomb open altogether. It is placed even with the ground, if not a little sunk, and is closed in with two wooden doors, which are thrown open to such persons as are drawn to the place for the purpose of beholding it.

The following is a translation of the verses and inscription from the German, written by the celebrated M. DE HALLER.

Hark! the majestic sound! the trumpet hear!
See the astonish'd tombs give up their prey!
Oh God! my Saviour! 'tis thy voice I hear!
And with my child, I come t'eternal day.

Awake,

Awake, my infant, open now thine eyes,
Leave the corruption of thy mortal birth;
Arise, my child, to thy Redeemer rise,
And taste at length the joy deny'd on earth.
Before his face death must yield to life,
Hope to real joy—there, purged from sins,
Serenity succeeds to grief and strife,
Time flies—eternity begins.

In this blessed hope,
Sure that her Saviour will fulfil his promise,
Reposes in this tomb,
Guarded by a tender and sorrowful husband,
MARY MAGDALEN WABER,
Born the 8th day of August, 1723;
And who departed this life on Easter eve, 1751,
The wife of
GEORGE LANGHANS,
Preacher of the gospel at Hindlebanch.

In the first volume of the European Magazine is a very neat engraving of the above.

Westerham,

Westerham, Kent.

On GENERAL WOLFE, where he was born, 1727.

While GEORGE in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.

Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear:
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honor date our own.

On the north side of the area of *Westminster Abbey* is a very beautiful cenotaph, erected to the memory of General WOLFE. In the front of which is the following inscription.

To the memory of
JAMES WOLFE,
Major-general and commander in chief
Of the British land forces
On an expedition against Quebec;
Who, after surmounting by ability and valour

All

All obstacles of art and nature,
Was slain in the moment of victory,
On the 14th of *September*, 1759.
The king and parliament of Great Britain
Dedicate this monument.

Packington, Warwickshire.

The EARL OF AYLESFORD has erected a handsome monument, under the tree in his lordship's park, where an unfortunate man was killed by lightning, with the following inscription.

On Thursday, September 3d, 1789, WILLIAM CAWSEY, of *London*, farrier, was on this spot struck dead by lightning. To commemorate this awful event, as well as to warn others from exposing themselves to the same danger, by taking shelter in a thunder-storm under trees, this monument was erected.

Literatim from a *stone* fixed in the *steeple* of the church at *Keysoe*, in *Bedfordshire*.

In memory of the mighty hand of the Great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who presarved the life of WILLIAM DICKENS, *April* 17, 1718, when he was pointing the steepel and fell from the ridg of the middel windo in the spiar, over the south west pinnakel; he dropt upon the batelment and their broke his leg and foot, and drove down two long copeing stones, and so fell to the ground with his neck upon one standard of his chear, when the other end took the ground which was the nearest of killing him; yet when he see he was faling, he cries out to his brother, "Lord, Daniel, wot's the matter? Lord have mercy upon me, Christ have mercy upon me, Lord Jesus Christ help me," but now almost to the ground.—Died *November* 29th, 1759, aged 73 years.

The place from which this man fell seems to be about 60 feet high, and it is related that DICKENS was hoisted up by means of a chair fastened to a rope, which was supposed to have been cut by a person, who had a private pique against him.

St.

St. Peter's in the East, Oxford.

Here
Lieth the body of
THOMAS HEARNE, M. A:
Who studied and preserved
ANTIQUITIES. He died *June* 10th,
1735, aged 57 years.

Deut. xxxii. 7.

Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee, thy elders, and they will tell thee.

Job. viii. 8, 9, 10.

For enquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers.

For we are but as yesterday and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.

Shall not they teach thee, and tell thee, and utter words out of their heart?

The above was written by himself at the bottom of his will, as appears by the probate granted at London, July 1st, 1735.

The following was written by *Peter Pindar*, on the late DOCTOR MESSENGER MONSEY, of *Chelsea Hospital*, who died December 25th, 1788, in his 96th year.

Here lie my old limbs, my vexation now ends,
For I've liv'd much too long for myself and my friends;
As for church yards and grounds which the parsons call HOLY,
'Tis a rank piece of priestcraft and founded in folly;
In short, I despise them; and as for my soul,
Which may mount the last day with my bones from this HOLE;
I think that it really hath nothing to fear
From the God of mankind, whom I truly revere;
What the next world may be, little troubles my pate;
If not better than this, I beseech thee, Oh! FATE,
When the bodies of millions fly up in a riot,
To let the old carcase of MONSEY be quiet.

For an account of this extraordinary character, see the *European Magazine* for 1789, vol. xv. pages 84 and 190.

Minster

Minster Church Yard, Kent.

On MR. WORTH, a *Gunner*, who died August 26, 1779.

Whoe'er thou art, if here by wisdom led,
To view the silent mansions of the dead;
And search for truth from life's last mournful page,
Where malice stings not, nor where slanders rage;
Read on—no bombast swells these friendly lines,
Here truth unhonour'd and unvarnish'd shines;
Where o'er yon sod an envious nettle creeps,
From care escap'd, an honest GUNNER sleeps;
As on he travell'd to life's sorrowing end,
Distress for ever claim'd him as a friend;
Orphans and widows were alike his care,
He gave with pleasure all he had to spare:
His *match* now burnt, expended all his *priming*,
He left this world and us without e'er whining.
Deep in the earth his carcase is entomb'd,
Which love of GROG for him had honeycomb'd;
Joking apart, retir'd from wind and weather,
Virtue and WORTH are laid asleep together.

On EDWARD HEARDSON,

Thirty years Cook to the BEEF STEAK CLUB,

Written by CAPTAIN MORRIS.

His *last steak done*, his *fire rak'd out and dead*,
Dish'd for the worms himself, lies HONEST NED;
We then, whose breasts bore all his *fleshly toils*,
Took all his *bastings* and shar'd all his *broils*;
Now in our turn a *mouthful carve* and *trim*,
And *dress* at Phœbus' *fire* one *scrap* for him.

His heart, which well might grace the noblest grave,
Was grateful, patient, modest, just and brave;
And ne'er did earth's wide *maw* a *morsel* gain
Of *kindlier juices*, or more *tender grain*;
His tongue, where duteous friendship humbly dwelt,
Charm'd all who heard the faithful zeal he felt;
Still to whatever end his *chops* he *mov'd*,
'Twas all *well season'd*, *relish'd*, and approv'd.

This room * his heav'n! when threat'ning fate drew nigh,
The closing shade that dimm'd his ling'ring eye;
His last fond hopes, betray'd by many a tear,
Were—that his life's *last spark* might glimmer here;
And the last words that choak'd his parting high—
Oh! at your feet, dear masters, let me die.†

* The attachment and delight the subject of this Epitaph took in his employment, is perhaps unparalleled in the sphere of his humble station, and even worth recording.—Finding himself past hope of recovery, he begged on his death-bed, as the last wish of his heart, that his body might be conveyed into the Club-room, and be there permitted to expire.

Possessed with this idea, which could not be realized, as it was impossible to move him, he laid a miniature picture of CAPTAIN MORRIS, which he had long grasped in his dying hand, on his breast, and under the allusion that he saw the Society around him, he pressed his hands eagerly on the picture, and exclaiming at the same moment—God bless you, my dear masters, bury it with me!—expired!—

† The Society have resolved to pay all due respect to the memory of this excellent servant. A handsome stone with the above inscription has been voted; and an engraving of him, from an original picture by BARRY, is to have a distinguished place in the Club-room.

Keinsham, Somersetshire.

" To the religious memory of MRS. PHILLIPPA BRIDGES, wife of EDWARD BRIDGES, Esq. and beloved daughter of SIR GEORGE SPEKE, Knight of the Honourable Order of the BATH, who died December 6, 1628, her age 34.

" Here under buried lieth, but lives above,
A female Joseph for her father's love:
Loving and lov'd of her beloved mate,
His care away, and stay unto his state;
Whom winter's chill, that all things else decays,
Nipt off before the autumn of her days.
Seven buds she left behind her, fruits of grace,
Are with her gone unto the heav'nly place;
Where we, which now do part with grief, with joy
shall meet,
When God shall raise us up, and death tread under
feet.

Canterbury Cloisters.

On Master HALL.

Tho' infant years no pompous honours claim,
The vain parade of monumental fame,
To be their praise; the last great day shall rear
The spotless innocence that sleepeth here.

Richmond, Surry.

In the earth below this tablet
Are the remains of
JAMES THOMSON,
Author of the beautiful Poems, entitled,
THE SEASONS, CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, &c. &c.
Who died at *Richmond*, on the 27th day of *August*,
And was buried here on the 29th, old style,
1748.

The EARL OF BUCHAN, unwilling that so good
A man
And sweet a Poet should be without a memorial,
Has denoted the place of his interment,

For

For the satisfaction of his admirers,
In the year of our Lord, 1792.

Father of light and life! thou good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From ev'ry low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.

On WILLIAM BILLINGS, a soldier, who died at *Fairfield* (the place of his nativity), near *Longnor*, in the county of *Stafford*, at the advanced age of 102, on Friday, January 28, 1791.

CONQUESTS I shar'd in many a DREADFUL SCENE,
With matchless MARLBRO' and with brave EUGENE.
To peaceful QUARTERS BILLETED AM I,
And here forgetful of my labours lie.
Let me alone, awhile asleep, not SLAIN,
And, when the TRUMPET SOUNDS, I'LL MARCH AGAIN.

He was born under a hedge in 1694, not an hundred yards from the cottage where he died, and it is related that he never knew what sickness was, and died without a groan.

Dorking,

Dorking, Surry.

A loving wife, a friend most dear,
A tender mother lieth here;
Afflictions sore she with patience bore,
Physicians were in vain,
'Till death did seize, and God did please
To ease her of her pain.
Tho' great my loss, I hope with joy
In heaven to meet again.

In the *Church Yard* of *Egg Buckland, Devonshire.*

Ye few who here, by contemplation led,
Inspect the story of the silent dead;
Who o'er the early and the aged bier
Alike can drop the sympathetic tear;
Survey this stone, and pay the tribute due
To those who once could think and feel like you.
Free from reproach, their course of life they ran,
Resign'd to God, benevolent to man,
Truth, honesty and virtue fill'd each soul,
Glow'd in each breast, and rul'd without controul.

Tho'

Tho' from those breasts the spark of life is fled,
Tho' now their bodies rest among the dead,
From their cold mansion freed, their souls will rise
To life that wakes for ever in the skies.

St. Paul's, Shadwell.

ANN GOODWIN, Ob. *February* 20, 1673.

No age so young, that death will spare;
All ages they must die;
Therefore to die let all prepare,
To live eternally.

From the *Burying Ground* in *Spring Path*, over against *Port Royal*, on the Island of *Jamaica*.

Here lyeth the body of LEWIS GALDY, Esq. who died the 22d of September, 1739, aged 80. He was born at MONTPELIER in FRANCE, which place he left for religion,* and settled in this Island, where in the great earthquake in 1692, he was swallowed up, and by the great providence of God,

* Being a Protestant.

by

by a second shock was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming, till he was taken up by a boat, and miraculously preserved. He afterwards lived in great reputation, and was universally lamented.

Allhallows, Bread Street.

ROBERT HUDSON lyeth here,
In his time well known to all;
He lived well, and died so,
When God from hence did him call.

MUND. EDIT. STOW'S SURV.

At *Bensington*, *Oxfordshire*, under the singing gallery against the N. W. pillar, this inscription.

M. S.

To the pious memory of
RALPH QUILCH and JANE his Wife,

Who slept	together		Bed by the space of 40 years.	
Now slepe	in		Grave till Christ shall awaken them.	
He	fell asleep	1629	being	60
She	Anno D'ni	1630	aged	59.

For

For the fruit of their	labours bodies	they left	The new Inn here, built at their own charge. One only son and two daughters.

Their Son being liberally bred
In the *University of Oxford*,
Thought himself bound to erect this

Small Monument of	their his	piety toward	God them:

Anno D'ni 16 - -.

At *Boston*, in *New England*, is the following over the grave of the Parents of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, written by himself, their youngest son.

JOSIAH FRANKLIN,
And
ABIAH his wife,
Lie here interred.
They lived lovingly together in wedlock
Fifty-five years;
And without an estate, or any gainful employment,
By constant labour and honest industry,
With God's blessing,
Maintained

Maintained a large family comfortably,
And brought up thirteen children and seven grand-
children REPUTABLY.
From this instance, reader,
Be encouraged to diligence in thy calling,
And distrust not Providence.
HE WAS A PIOUS AND A PRUDENT MAN,
SHE A DISCREET AND VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

Their youngest son,
In filial regard to their memory,
Places this stone.

J. F. born 1655, died 1744.
A. F. born 1667, died 1752.

GENT. MAG. 1788, page 350.

In removing part of the altar of *Woolverhampton* Church, in the year 1789, there appeared to be a part of a monument, with the following INSCRIPTION in very legible characters—the date 1690.

Here lies the bones
Of JOSEPH JONES,
Who eat whilst he was able;

But once o'erfed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.

When from the tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners;
Since he must dwell
In heav'n or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners!

Halstead, Essex.

In memory of
GEORGE CRESSAL,
Who died January 24th, 1789,
Aged 89 years;
Also,
SUSANNA his wife,
Who died May 29th, 1769,
Aged 72 years.

Then shall the body return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation, which keepeth the truth, may enter in.

The

The dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise: Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for the dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.

On GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS,

By Captain Thomson.

A second ALEXANDER here lies dead,
And not less fam'd—at taking off a head.

Abbey Church, Bath.

On Mr. JAMES QUIN, the celebrated *Actor*,

By MR. GARRICK.

That TONGUE, which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more!
Clos'd are those EYES, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what SHAKESPEAR writ;
Clos'd are those HANDS, which living were stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.

Here lies JAMES QUIN! deign, reader, to be taught,
(Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast)
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Thetford, in *Norfolk*.

My GRAND-MOTHER was buried here,
My COUSIN JANE and TWO UNCLES dear;
My FATHER perish'd with a *mortification in his thighs*;
My SISTER drop'd down dead in the MINORIES:
But the reason why I'M here interr'd, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living, and hard drinking.
If, therefore, GOOD CHRISTIANS, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much WINE, BRANDY, GIN, or any thing strong.

Cloisters, Westminster Abbey.

Multis pervulgatus,
Paucis notus;
Qui vitam inter lucem et umbram;
Nec eruditus, nec idiota,
Literis deditus transegit; sed ut homo,
"Qui humana nihil a se alienum putat,"
Vita simul et laboribus functus,
Hic requiescere voluit
EPHRAIM CHAMBERS,
R. S. S.

Obiit 15 Maii, 1740.

In English.

Heard of by many,
Known to few;
Who led a life between fame and obscurity;
Devoted to study; but as a man,
Who thinks himself bound to all offices of humanity,
Having finished his life and labours together,
Here desires to rest
EPHRAIM CHAMBERS.

Gravesend Church Yard.

Not born, not dead, not christen'd, not begot,
Lo! here she lies, that was, and that was not.
She was born, baptis'd, is dead, and what is more,
Was in her life time not honest, nor a whore.
Reader, behold a wonder barely wrought,
And what thou seem'st to read, thou readest not.

Abbey Church, Edinburgh.

In memory of ANN FOWLER, who died May 9th, 1645, of her age 48.

Two virtuous hands, one truth expressing tongue,
A furnish'd heart, with piety, faith and love,
A fruitful womb, whence hopeful males are sprung;
Two lust free eyes, thought tending far above
The reach of nature, motionless become;
Rest peaceably within this earthly tomb.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

Here are deposited
The remains of
MRS. ELIZABETH BENNETT,
Who deceased
September 15th, 1791,
Aged 77 years.

If humble worth to private life confin'd
A heart which wish'd the good of all mankind,
A feeling sense, a soul prompt to bestow
A dole to poverty, a tear to woe;
If such to contemplation's eye be dear,
Stop, pensive wanderer, and view them here.
Sleep, gentle spirit, peaceful in thy tomb,
'Till wak'd to gladness, in a world to come;
Then, meekly bending at th' eternal throne,
Receive the plaudit for the good thou'st done.

T. Hall.

Fulham,

Fulham, Middlesex.

MARY SALTKILL, died March 1st, 1755, aged 54.

Weep not for me, you weep in vain,
Weep for your sins and then refrain;
Here I lye at rest all in my grave,
'Till CHRIST doth raise me up again.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

SACRED
To the memory of
Mr. GABRIEL COX,
Of the THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
A tender husband, a good father, and sincere friend.

He departed this life 5th of *June*, 1792, aged 45.

When such are torn from life's tumultuous day,
The worthy feel like relatives distress'd,
For 'mid the conflict of this busy world,
His manners made him lov'd, his virtues blest.

Anthony Pasquin.

St.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

In memory of
RICHARD MERRYFIELD,
Late of this parish, who died *August* 28, 1789, aged 57 years.

Let friends forbear to mourn and weep,
While in the dust I sweetly sleep;
This frailsome world I le[illegible] behind,
A crown of glory for to fi[illegible]

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

Here lies the body of
MR. JOHN EDWIN, COMEDIAN,
Who departed this life October 31, 1790, aged 42 years.

Each social meed which honours human kind,
The dust beneath this frail memorial bore;
If pride of excellence uplift thy mind,
Subdue thy weakness, and be vain no more.

A nation's

A nation's mirth was subject to his art,
E're icy death had smote this child of glee;
And care resum'd his empire o'er the heart,
When heav'n issued EDWIN should not be.

Anthony Pasquin.

As a tribute of friendship to the memory of the deceased, this stone was erected by

MR. HENRY REDHEAD.

St. Alphage, London Wall.

SAMUEL BREWER, of the *Inner Temple*, GENT.
Died March 10, 1684.

World, adieu,—Friends, adieu,—Life, adieu! but hoping for a better after this, only through the merits and mediation of our blessed Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH COOPER, of this parish, died *July* 31, 1791, aged 58 years.

Virtues, like those which once inform'd this clay,
Dread not to fall to sudden death a prey;
The blameless tenor of thy life requir'd
No preparation by set forms inspir'd;
Spar'd from those pangs that load a last adieu,
Freed, happy spirit, thy bright track pursue;
Prepar'd, ere summon'd, for that blest abode,
The bosom of thy Father and thy God.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

JANE DENNIS, the only child of MR. WILLIAM DENNIS, died the 11th of *January*, 1780, in her 23d year.

God in my prime gave me a fall,
Where I must lie till CHRIST doth call;
CHRIST hath redeem'd me from my sin,
I am but dead to rise again.

From

From Cowley.

Here lies the great; false marble, tell me where?
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

In memory of
Mr. John Dunstall,
Who died the last day of the year 1779.

A man by nature, open, warm, sincere,
(Whose heart scarce death could cool), lies buried here;
Unpolish'd manners, rough as northern wind,
But half conceal'd a gentle, gen'rous mind;
Firm in his own distress, at others woe
His manly heart would melt, his tear would flow;
Belov'd from youth to age by old and young,
Tho' servile flatt'ry ne'er disgrac'd his tongue;
Tried and approv'd by a judicious age,
His name shall grace the annals of the stage;

While

While truth, which most he lov'd, shall boldly tell,
Thro' ev'ry scene of life he acted well;
Go, gentle reader, go, and if you can,
Live like this upright, downright honest man.

John Beard.

This friendly memorial was erected by
ROBERT PRESTON, ESQ. M. P.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

In memory of
SAMUEL HOUSE,
Who departed this life the 23d of April, 1785,
aged 60 years.

He was a lover of liberty, and a real friend to the natural rights of the people.

This man kept a public house in *Wardour Street, Soho*, and was justly considered one of the most extraordinary characters of modern times: he never wore a coat nor a wig, nor was ever found in bed (except when ill), after four o'clock in the morning: tho' blunt and uneducated in his manners, he was just and honest in all his dealings, and his

word upon all occasions sacred; and though he frequently called upon the great, and was admitted into their presence, he never changed his dress or his character.

His usual dress was what may be called a black doublet or waistcoat, open at the neck, black silk breeches, open at the knees, white silk stockings, slippers, —— and a bald pate.

Hertford Church Yard.

Said to be,

Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in a short time you'll come to I.

I am not griev'd, my dearest life;
Sleep on, I've got another wife;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to bed to she.

It is reported also to be on a tomb-stone in *Wiltshire*, with this difference, that the four last lines were written in chalk.

On

On Ovid, by himself.

Here lies love's faithful slave beneath this stone,
Ovid the poet, by his wit undone.
Let ev'ry lover, as he passes by,
Wish that his bones may unmolested lye.

St. Giles's, Cripplegate, North Isle.

Within this Isle lyeth buried the body of Charles Langley, some time of this parish, *Ale-Brewer*, who died the 8th day of *June*, An. Do. 1601, and did bountifully give to the poor of this parish.

If Langley's life you list to know,
Read on and take a view;
Of faith and hope I will not speak,
His works shall shew them true.

Who, whilst he liv'd, with counsel grave
The better sort did guide;
A stay to weake, a staff to poor,
Without backbite or pride.

And when he died, he gave his mite,
All that did him befall,
For ever once a year to cloath
St. Giles his poor withall.

All Saints, he 'pointed for the day,
That God may have his praise,
And others might be won thereby
To follow Langley's ways.

On vicar and church-wardens then
His trust he hath repos'd,
As they shall answer him one day,
When all shall be disclos'd.

Thus being dead, yet still he lives,
Lives never more to dye,
In heaven's bliss, in world's fame,
And so I trust shall I.

Frome, Somersetshire.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH, *alias* THUMB, an industrious not a FREE-MASON, died *January*, 1742-3, aged 66.

Stretch'd underneath this stone is laid
Our neighbour, goodman THUMB;
We trust, altho' full low his head,
He'll rise i'the world to come.

This humble monument will shew
Where lies an honest man;
Ye kings, whose heads are laid as low,
Rise higher if you can.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

On the side of a family monument in the *church yard*.

Also
BENJAMIN WILLIAM HINCHLIFF,
Who died August 25, 1790, aged 37.

Drop, saint ey'd charity, a sorrowing tear,
Thy warmest votary lies buried here;
Weep, the kind heart, the feeling bosom dead,
Each best affection, and each virtue fled;
Weep, the pure flame that warm'd his honest mind,
And burnt with social love for all mankind;
Ah! now extinguish'd in the silent tomb,
And all his virtues wither'd in their bloom;
Reader! he's flown to seek a purer sky,
Go, live like him, then with his calmness die.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

MR. THOMAS HARE died December 27th, 1757, aged 54.

As you are now, so once was I,
Cut down by death, now here I lie;
Until that great and glorious day,
The trumpet calls me hence away.

Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

By Mr. COWPER, the celebrated author of the TASK, &c.

Pause here, and think a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time;
Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
Seems it to say—"Health has here long to reign."
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?
Yet fear; youth, oft-times healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees;
And many a tomb, like HAMILTON's, aloud
Exclaims,—"Prepare thee for an early shroud."

Saragossa in *Spain.*

Here lies JUAN DE CABECA, chorister to our Lord the King. When he was received into the choir of Angels, in augmentation to that happy company, his voice was so distinguishable from the rest, that even

even God himself harkened to him with attention, and at last said rather severely to the Angels, "Hold your tongues, ye elves, and let JUAN DE CABECA, chorister to the KING OF SPAIN, sing my praise.

Resurgam.

On TWO POETS, buried in the same GRAVE.

Beneath one tomb here sleep two faithful friends,
Constant thro' life, united in their ends;
Their studies, their amusements were the same,
Alike their genius, and alike their fame;
By fortune favor'd, or by want oppress'd,
Still they in common ev'ry thing possess'd,
One heart, one mind, one purse, tho' small their riches,
One room, one bed, one hat, one pair of breeches.

Claybrook,

Claybrook, Leicestershire.

WILLIAM ANDREWS died October 10th, aged 73.

Here lies a man, who liv'd content
With humble means by toil acquir'd;
Whose eve of life in peace was spent,
Far from the busy world retir'd.

Tho' sickness, pain and quick decline
Oppress'd, yet oft the smile serene
Would clad his face with ray divine,
And speak the peace he felt within.

Supported by the shield of faith,
Death came at length a welcome guest;
Calmly he then resign'd his breath,
In hope of everlasting rest.

Glenoxby, North Britain.

Low she lies in the dust, and here memory fills me with grief! Silent is the tongue of melody, and the hand of elegance is now at rest!

No more shall the poor give thee his blessing, nor the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock; the tear shalt thou not wash away from the eye of the wretched. Where now, O feeble! is thy wonted help?

No more, my fair, shall we meet in the social hall; no more shall we sit at thy hospitable board! gone for ever is the sound of mirth! the kind, the candid, the meek, is now no more! who can express our grief?

Flow, ye tears of woe!

From a *Church Yard* in *Wilts.*

On a Young Lady, who died aged 16.

See from the earth the faded lily rise;
It springs, it blows, it flourishes and dies;
So this fair flow'r scarce blossom'd for a day,
Short was the bloom and early the decay.

Barnwell,

Barnwell, near *Cambridge*.

On an INN KEEPER.

Man's life is like a WINTER'S DAY,
Some only BREAKFAST and away;
Others to DINNER stay and are FULL FED,
The oldest man but SUPS and GOES TO BED.
Long is his life who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least TO PAY;
DEATH is the WAITER, some few RUN ON TICK,
And some, alas! must pay THE BILL to NICK!
Tho' I OW'D MUCH, I hope LONG TRUST IS GIVEN,
And truly mean to PAY ALL DEBTS in Heaven.

On two young men killed by LIGHTNING at *Rookhill*, *December* 23, 1790.

By Mr. Hayley.

Reader, this stone solicits not thy tear,
Deem not this sudden stroke of heav'n severe;
But justly bear upon thy breast imprest,
This awful lesson which the dead suggest:

The

The rich may need (if stain'd by worldly strife)
Slow death's repentant pangs to purchase healthy life;
The virtuous poor require no chast'ning rod,
LIGHTNING may waft them to the throne of God.

In the Church at *North Church*, *Herts*, is a brass plate, fixed up with a sketch of the head of PETER THE WILD BOY, and underneath the following inscription.

"To the memory of PETER, known by the name of the WILD BOY, having been found wild in the forest of *Hertswold*, near *Hanover*, in the year 1725. He then appeared to be about 12 years of age. In the following year he was brought to ENGLAND by order of the late QUEEN CAROLINE; and the ablest masters were provided for him. But proving incapable of speaking, or of receiving any instruction, a comfortable provision was made for him at a farm house in this parish, where he continued to the end of his inoffensive life. He died on the 22d of *February*, 1785, supposed to be aged 72."

'Tis reported that his countenance much resembled that of SOCRATES. He could never be taught to

to articulate any words, tho' he hummed a tune or two very ill. He was very fond of ALE and TOBACCO, and had retained so much of his court breeding as to kiss the hand of the person who gave him money. He was extremely sensible of the change of the weather, and used to howl and be very wretched before rain. He was supposed to have been an ideot purposely put in the way of GEORGE THE FIRST, in the forest where he was discovered.

Upwell Church, Norfolk.

JANE BELL dyed 26th *February*, 1621, aged 62.

Here lyeth buried, of whom may be said,
For parentage equal with most in this land,
Nor wives, maydes, or widows more heartily pray'd,
Than she in her closet, whose liberal hand
Was ever relieving the poor in their neede,
For they and diseased of her did well spede.

Her name was JANE CALTROPP as being a mayde,
Her mother a ROOKWOOD, of antient descent,
She married a BELL, and never delay'd,
By deeds and good usage to give him content.
Children she had eleven, where of daughters four,
Of whom remayne seven alive at this hower.

Southrey, Norfolk.

Here rest that just and pious JANE
That ever hated all things vayne;
Her zeal for God made her desire
T' have dy'd a martyr in the fire;
Or into thousand pieces small
Been cutt, to honour God with all.
Her life, right virtuous, modest, sober,
Ended the 7th day of *October*, (1638.)
Her purest soul, 'till the body rise,
Enjoys heav'n's peace in Paradise;
Her vertues, hid from common sight,
Enforc'd her husband these to write.

JOHAN TYRRELL, de *Gypping in Suff.*

On MISS ROSE, niece to HUGH ROSE, of *Kilravock* in *Ireland*, Esq. who died young.

Here lies a ROSE, a budding rose,
Blasted before it's bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flow'r's perfume.

To

To those who for her loss are griev'd
This consolation's given,
She's from a world of woe reliev'd,
And blooms a ROSE in heaven.

On a GARDENER.

Altered from an inscription on a stone in the *Church Yard* of *Wimbledon*, in *Pennsylvania*.

By W. H. Reid.

For public service grateful nations raise
Proud monuments that urge to deeds of praise;
Whilst private services, in corners thrown;
Tho' much deserving, seldom gain a stone.
But are not LILLIES which the vallies hide,
Perfect as *cedars*, tho' the mountain's pride?
Then let the VIOLETS their fragrance breathe,
And PINES their ever verdant branches wreathe,
Around his grave, who, from their tender birth,
Uprear'd both DWARFS, and GIANT SONS OF EARTH;
For he, advanc'd in years, surviv'd to see
TREES of his raising droop as well as he.

Such were his care, while his own bending age
His master PROP'D and SCREEN'D from winter's rage,
'Till down he gently fell; then with a tear
He bade his mourning sons TRANSPLANT him here;
But th6' in weakness PLANTED, as his FRUIT
Always bespoke the goodness of his ROOT,
The spirit quick'ning, he in power shall rise,
With *leaf unfading* under happier skies.

Extract from HOWELL'S LETTERS.

Dated *July* 1, 1684.

He says, " As I passed by *St. Dunstan's Church*, in *Fleet Street*, I stepped into a *stone-cutter's*, to treat with the master for a stone to be put upon my father's tomb; and casting my eyes up and down, I spied a huge marble with a large inscription upon it, which was thus, to the best of my remembrance.

" Here lies JOHN OXENHAM, a goodly young man, in whose chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a bird with a WHITE BREAST was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanished.

" Here

"Here lies also MARY OXENHAM, sister of the above JOHN, who died the next day, and the same apparition was in the room."

Another SISTER is spoken of then.

"Here lies hard by JAMES OXENHAM, the son of the said JOHN, who died a child in his cradle, a little after, and such a bird was seen fluttering about his head a little before he expired, which vanished afterwards."

At the bottom of the stone:

"Here lies ELIZABETH OXENHAM, the mother of the said JOHN, who died sixteen years since, when such a bird, with a WHITE BREAST, was seen about her bed before her death.

"To all these there were divers witnesses, both SQUIRES AND LADIES, whose names were graven on the stone, which was to be sent to a town hard by Exeter, where this happened."

Upon two small boards in the church at *Shiffnall*, in *Shropshire*, affixed to a pillar opposite the pulpit, are recorded the following remarkable instances of longevity.

"WILLIAM WAKELY was baptized at *Idsal*, alias *Shiffnall*, *May* the 1st, 1590, and buried at *Adbaston*, *November* 28, 1714. His age was 124 and upwards: he lived in the reign of eight KINGS and QUEENS. D. P.

"*August* 14, 1776, died MARY YATES, of *Shiffnall*, aged 128. She lived many years on the bounty of SIR HARRY AND LADY BRIDGEMAN. She walked to *London* just after the fire in 1666. She was hearty and strong 120 years, and married a third husband at ninety two."

Uxbridge, Middlesex.

Sacred to the memory of
JOHN RICH, ESQ.*
Who died *November* 26th, 1761, aged 69 years.

In him were united the various virtues
That could endear him to his
Family, friends and acquaintance.
Distress never failed to find relief in his bounty,
Unfortunate merit a refuge in his generosity.

Here likewise are interred AMY, his second wife, with their two youngest children, JOHN and ELIZABETH, who both died in their infancy.

Clifton, Gloucestershire.

On MR. HIPPESLY, the *Comedian.*

When the stage heard that death had struck her JOHN,
Gay Comedy her sables first put on;

* Late of Covent Garden Theatre.

Laughter

Laughter lamented that her fav'rite dy'd,
And Mirth herself (*'tis strange*) laid down and cry'd;
Wit droop'd his head; e'en Humour seem'd to mourn,
And solemnly sat pensive o'er his urn.

In the Church of *St. Giles in the Fields*, lies interred the body of ANDREW MARVELL, Esq. And a monument was intended to have been erected to his memory by the Corporation of *Kingston upon Hull*; on which the following inscription was to have been engraven: but the minister of the parish, thro' a spirit either of bigotry or envy, forbad both from being placed there.

Near this place
Lyeth the body of ANDREW MARVELL, Esq.
A man so endued by nature;
So improv'd by education, study, and travel;
So consummated by experience;
That joining the most peculiar graces of wit and
Learning with a singular penetration and
Strength of judgment, and exercising all these,
In the whole course of his life, with

An

An unutterable steadiness in the ways of virtue,
He became the ornament, and
Example of his age, beloved by good men,
Feared by bad, admired by all,
Tho' imitated, alas! by few,
And scarce paralleled by any:
But a tomb-stone can neither contain his
Character, nor is marble necessary to transmit
It to posterity; it is engraved on the minds
Of this generation, and will be
Always legible in his inimitable writings:
Nevertheless, he having served near
Twenty years successively in Parliament, and that
With such wisdom, dexterity, integrity, and courage,
As became a true PATRIOT,
The town of KINGSTON UPON HULL,
From whence he was constantly deputed to the
Assembly, lamenting in his death the public loss,
Have erected this monument of
Their grief and gratitude, 1688.
He died in the 58th year of his age,
On the 16th of *August*, 1678.

This GENTLEMAN was born at KINGSTON UPON HULL, in the year 1620, which place he represented in five successive parliaments; during which time he never neglected his duty in the house, and

and constantly supported the privileges of his fellow subjects.

Being in very low circumstances, he told his constituents, that he could not discharge his duty to them, unless they allowed him his wages, which was only two shillings a day: the corporation not only complied with this request, but also rechose him at every election, during the remainder of his life.

The king was very desirous of bringing MARVELL over to his measures; and for that purpose desired the EARL OF DANBY, high treasurer, to offer him any sum of money he thought proper to accept, on condition that he would vote for the court: it was some time before the earl could find out MR. MARVELL's lodgings; for his circumstances were so low, that he was obliged to reside up two pair of stairs, in an alley in the *Strand*: to this mean place the earl went, where he found the upright patriot sitting in a room so poorly furnished, as even to disgrace the character of a footman.

As soon as MR. MARVELL saw the high treasurer of England enter his room, he concluded that he had made an appointment to meet some female of the town, and therefore told him he was mistaken; but the earl shut the door and sat down. After a proper introduction, he told MR. MARVELL,

VELL, that he came to him by order of his majesty, with a present of a thousand pounds, and that he should have his choice of any place that he would accept, on condition of his voting for the court: to which the patriot answered, that he would do his duty to his country as long as he lived, without the least view of any other reward, except the approbation of his own conscience. "If the court," says he, "can bring any bill into the house "for the good of the people, nothing on my part "shall be wanting to support it; but if otherwise, "neither power shall frighten, nor money bribe "me from my duty." The earl begged of him, in the most earnest manner, to accept of the money without any conditions being stipulated; but he answered, that he would not so much as bring himself under the power of temptation; "for were "I," says he, "to accept of the money, gratitude "would oblige me to vote in support of your mea-"sures."

The earl, finding it was impossible to prevail on him to accept the offer, went away; soon after which, such were the distresses of MR. MARVELL at this very time, that he sent and borrowed a guinea of a friend, till he could receive a remittance from *Yorkshire*.

He continued to serve his country in parliament till his death, and as he lived at the expence of his constituents,

constituents, so from his distressed situation at the close of his life, they were obliged to bury him.

He was the last member of parliament who received pay from his constituents.

The following is said to be in *Twickenham Church Yard.*

Here lie I,
Kill'd by a sky
Rocket in my eye.

Universal Magazine, September 24th, 1760.

Saturday last the following lines appeared on a tombstone in *St James's Church Yard*, Westminster, on a person lately deceased (which having given offence), were erased by order of the Bishop.

Return'd to earth, within this dirty HOLE,
Lies a lifeless mortal, BODY AND SOUL,
Till Christ his God shall to this world descend,
Eternity to fix, all time to end;

Whose

Whose pow'rful word shall raise the gen'ral dead,
First those elect by him, shall rear each head;
With him above eternally to dwell,
And leave the reject eternal here in Hell.

On a person in the *Country*, who occasionally performed the business of TAYLOR and BARBER.

In a timber surtout here are wrapt the remains
Of a MOWER OF BEARDS, and a USER OF SKAINS;
'Twas the SHEARS of grim death cut his STAY-TAPE of life,
And press'd him away from TWIST, RAZORS AND WIFE;
But the pray'r of all people, he SEW'D FOR OR SHAV'D,
Is that he's with the REMNANT of those that are sav'd.

In the *Chancel* of the *Ancient Church* of EAST BERGHOLT in SUFFOLK, on the two columns of a monument, each of which begins with the initials of the name.

Edwarde ..... Lambe
Ever ..... Lived
Envied ..... Laudably
Evil ..... Lord
Endured ..... Let
Extremities ..... Like
Even ..... Life
Earnestly ..... Learne
Expecting ..... Ledede
Eternal ..... Livers
Ease ..... Lament.

Which may be read thus, by the alteration of one word—Ledede into he died.

Edwarde Lambe ever lived envied, laudably evil endured: Lord, let extremities like even life learne: he died expecting eternal ease; livers, lament.

Extremities

Extremities may either mean youth and age, and *even life*, middle age, or the extremes of prosperity and adversity, distinguished from an uniform even course of life: *learn* may be put for *teach*, as was not unfrequent: *livers*—i. e.—survivors, lament his death.

St. Germain's Cathedral, Isle of Man.

SAMUEL RUTTER, Bishop of SODOR AND MAN, was buried under the uncovered steeple of his own cathedral, with this inscription on a brass plate.

In hac domo quam et vermiculis,
Mutuo accepi confratribus meis,
Sub spe resurrectionis ad vitam,
Jaceo, SAMUEL, permissione divinâ,
Episcopus hujus insulæ.
Siste, lector, vide et ride
Palatium Episcopi,
Obiit 30 die mensis *Maii*, 1662.

In English thus.

"In this house, which I have borrowed of my brethren the worms, do I lye, SAMUEL, by divine

permission, Bishop of this island, in hopes of the resurrection to life: reader, stop, view the lord bishop's palace and smile: he died May 30th, 1662.

The following is said to be inscribed on a stone, in the centre of the burying ground at *Abercon-way*, in Wales.

Here lies in an HORIZONTAL POSITION
THE OUTSIDE CASE of
PETER PENDULUM, WATCHMAKER,
Whose abilities in *that line* were an honour
To his profession;
Integrity was the MAIN SPRING,
And prudence the REGULATOR,
Of all the actions of his life;
Humane, generous, and liberal,
His HAND never stopp'd
Till he had reliev'd distress:
So nicely REGULATED were all his MOTIONS,
That he never WENT WRONG:
Except when SET A GOING
By people, who did not know
HIS KEY:
Even then he was easily
SET RIGHT again;

He

He had the art of disposing his TIME so well,
That his HOURS glided away
In ONE CONTINUAL ROUND
Of pleasure and delight;
'Till AN UNLUCKY MINUTE put a period
To his existence:
He departed this life WOUND UP,
In hopes of being TAKEN IN HAND
BY HIS MAKER:
And of being thoroughly CLEANED, REPAIRED,
And SET A GOING
In the world to come.

On a MAN and his WIFE,

Buried in the same grave.

Here sleep whom neither life nor love,
Nor friendship's strictest tie,
Could in such close embrace as thou,
Thou faithful, grave ally.

Preserve them each dissolv'd in each,
For bands of love divine;
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave, than thine.

St. Dunstan's, Stepney.

Here lies the body of DANIEL SAUL,
Spittalfields WEAVER, and that's all.

Dalkieth, Edinburgshire.

To the memory of
MARGARET SCOTT,
Who died in this town, in the year 1738.

Stop, passenger, until my life you read;
The living may get knowledge by the dead.
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life;
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste;
Now wearied of this mortal life I rest.
Between my cradle and my grave have been
Eight mighty Kings of SCOTLAND and a Queen;
Four times five years the common-wealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rose against the law.
Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.

An

An end of STEWART's race I saw; nay more,
My native country sold for ENGLISH ore:
Such desolation in my life have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.

"This epitaph either contains some notorious falsehood, or the woman was older than is here represented. We are informed she was five times five years a virgin, fifty years a wife, and as many a widow; by which her age appears to have been 125. If she was born in 1613, and died in 1738, which is the whole time allotted in the epitaph, she could only live in the reigns of JAMES VI. CHARLES I. CHARLES II. JAMES II. WILLIAM III. GEORGE I. GEORGE II. AND QUEEN ANNE, which only make seven Kings and a Queen. But perhaps the epitaph maker, whom we imagine to have been a pedantic schoolmaster, was either a republican, who might place OLIVER CROMWELL in the list, or he might be a Jacobite, who reckoned the pretender one.

"The epitaph likewise asserts that the commonwealth of ENGLAND lasted 20 years, that is, from 1640, to 1660. This looks altogether like the blunder of a country pedagogue. The epitaph maker did not consider that no less than five governments took place during that period in BRITAIN, viz. monarchical, or limited, as at present; parliamentary;

mentary; a council of state, consisting of a junto of the parliament; a common-wealth; and an absolute despotic one under CROMWELL."

Ely Cathedral.

Yet a little while, and he that will, shall come; the spirit and the bride say come.

Let him that heareth, say come, and let him that is athirst say, come, even so come, LORD JESUS.

URSULA TINDALL by birth;
COXEE by choice;
UPCHER for age and comfort.

Solyhull, Warwickshire.

For that divers of
His ancestors, since 1514,
And that many of
His nearest relations
Lie here interred,
To protect henceforth
That have long unguarded lain,

The

The quiet of their bones,
Freely beneath in trust are plac'd
Six guardian figur'd stones.

This debt of honour fitly paid
By J. HOLBECH, of
Whitehall, Esq. 1745.

On a STOCKBROKER.

Here lies
Mr. TIMOTHY SCRIP,
Late of *Change Alley*, *Cornhill*,
STOCKBROKER,
During the course of a long life
He was diligent, industrious and indefatigable,
In the exercise of his PROFESSION.
He died in the 70th year of his age,
And DIED WELL;
Having left behind him a fortune of £60,000.
It is however much to be regretted, that
STOCKS BEING SHUT, at the time of his death,
He was not able to make a TRANSFER,
Or carry any part of it TO HIS ACCOUNT
In the other world.
It was remarked of him

That

That he was more solicitous to get the TURN OF
THE DAY to himself
Than to do a good turn to his neighbour;
And that
Tho' he frequently made *bargains for time*,
He did not chuse TO RISK any thing for ETERNITY.
He never gave money to the poor,
Altho' offered a VERY HIGH PREMIUM,
Thinking it safer to make TEN PER CENT.
In the English funds,
Than TEN THOUSAND in those of a foreign country.
For these reasons,
Tho' he was esteemed A GOOD MAN at JONATHAN'S,
It is much to be dreaded, that
At the GENERAL SETTLING DAY,
He will find himself on THE WRONG SIDE,
And be forced
TO WADDLE A LAME DUCK out of
ELYSIUM.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Here lyeth the body of
MICHAEL HONEYWOOD, D. D.
Who was grand-child, and one of the
Three hundred and sixty seven persons,
That

That MARY, the wife of ROBERT HONEYWOOD,
Esq.
Did see before she died,
Lawfully descended from her,
viz.
Sixteen of her own body, 114 grand-children,
288 of the third generation, and 9 of the fourth.
MRS. HONEYWOOD
Died in the year 1605,
And in the 78th year of her age.

St. George's, Hanover Square.

Near this place lies the body of
The REV. LAWRENCE STERNE, A. M.
Died *September* 18th, 1768, aged 53.

"AH! MOLLITER OSSA QUIESCANT."

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
Unsullied worth, and soul without a stain;
If mental pow'rs could ever justly claim
The well known tribute of immortal fame;
STERNE was the man, who, with gigantic stride,
Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide.

Yet

Yet what, though keenest knowledge of mankind
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind,
What did it boot him? ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd!
In his, mild reader, view thy future fate,
Like him despise what 'twere a sin to hate.

This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two brother Masons; for although he did not live to be a member of their Society, yet his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square; they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

Woolverhampton, Staffordshire.

Near this place lies
CHARLES CLAUDIUS PHILIPS,
Whose absolute contempt of riches,
And inimitable performances on the violin,
Made him the admiration of all who knew him.
He was born in WALES,
Made the tour of EUROPE,
And, after the experience of both kinds of
fortune,
Died in 1732.

Exalted

Exalted soul! thy various sounds could please
The love-sick virgin, and the gouty ease;
Could jarring crowds like old AMPHION move,
To beauteous order, and harmonious love;
Here rest in peace, till angels bid thee rise,
To join thy Saviour's concert in the skies.

Glammis, county of *Forfar*.

The following is on a stone erected to perpetuate the memory of the famous ANDREW CHALMERS, musician to the noble family of STRATHMORE: this inscription was copied in 1766, when this second ORPHEUS was said to be living; and had purchased the epitaph from the parish schoolmaster, at the price of a capacious bowl of punch.

Thousands that play on instruments
With reverence might bow
To such a man, whose violin
Could savages subdue.

His pow'rful and his charming notes
So sweetly did constrain,
That to resist, and not to dance,
Was labour all in vain.

Yea, when he touch'd the tuneful strings,
Such melody ran round
The room, that e'en the very brutes
Stood list'ning to the sound.

He play'd with such dexterity,
By all it is confest:
That in this grave interred is
Of VIOLERS the best.

Tunbridge, Kent.

RICHARD CHILDREN, Esq.

Died *March* 23d, 1753, aged 83 years.

O thou, whose manners, unadorn'd by art,
Ennobled ev'ry virtue of the heart;
Fond to forbid, in each sad scene of woe,
The pangs of torture and the tear to flow;
Take from the muse, thou lov'd'st this honest line,
SACRED TO GOODNESS AND A SOUL LIKE THINE;
A soul supreme, that 'midst fair ease and health,
The warmth of nature, and the pomp of wealth;
Careless of all that wild ambition fires,
All av'rice wishes, and all pride admires;

Gave

Gave year on year beneath her genial ray
To melt in modest innocence away;
And made each passion, spite of all its rage,
Calm as her turret in unclouded age.

Ightham, Kent.

D. D. D.
To the pretious name and honour
Of
DAME DOROTHY SELBY,
The relict of
SIR WILLIAM SELBY, Knight,
The daughter and heir of
CHARLES BONHAM, Esq.

She was a DORCAS,

Whose curious needle turn'd th' abused stage
Of this lewd world into the GOLDEN AGE;
Whose pen of steel and silken ink enroll'd
The acts of JONAH in records of gold;
Whose art disclos'd that plot, which, had it taken,
Rome had triumph'd, and BRITAIN's walls had shaken.

She was
In heart a LYDIA, and in tongue a HANNAH,
In zeal a RUTH, in wedlock a SUSANNAH;
Prudently simple, providentially wary,
To the world a MARTHA, and to heav'n a MARY.

Who put on immortality } in the year of her } pilgrimage 69 redeemer 1641

March 15th.

St. Andrew's, Plymouth.

Here lyeth the body of THOMAS NEOT, of RIDE, in the ISLE OF WIGHT, who departed this life 27th *Maie*, 1674.

Here lyeth him who once did bare
Command of men, and ships who were
His owne, besides a merchant too;
Yet this and all would nothing doe,
To keep from death when Christ doth call,
To come to him that made us all;
But he, we hope, with Christ doth rest,
With whom its beste for all to rest.

St. Andrew's, Plymouth.

If after ages should desire to know
The endowments of him that lies below:
They may be assur'd by a christian's othe,
That nature and grace, with emulation bothe,
Did strive which should excel in highest kind,
Either nature the body, or grace the mind:
He dy'd a stranger heere, and left remote
A wife, two daughters, and a valued note;
His name was HENRY FALDO, and did beare
This cote of armes,* aged five hundred yeare.

Æt. 33, Obiit July 10, 1644.

At *Ixworth*, near *Bury*, is an inscription in Latin, composed of capitals, of which the following is a translation.

Why stop, you trav'ller, why unmov'd your eyes?
Him you'd explore enshin'd in dust here lies;
If fame has sounded in your ears the name
Of gen'rous NORTON, sure she has his fame.

* The coat of arms was on the stone, but now totally defaced.

Wisdom, with prudence and a lib'ral mind,
Are gifts too potent to corrode by time:
Why shed you tears? why heaves your throbbing breast?
His bones lie here—his soul in heav'n does rest.

You must not weep; he lives,—nor envious fate
His name immortal can obliterate;
Amply does heav'n the pious man reward,
Whose lov'd remains interr'd are in this yard.

LONDON and COLCHESTER lament him dead,
Most plaintive strains from BURY do proceed:
Alone he glories, triumphs, and enjoys,
With Jove, the empire of th' extended skies.

JOHN NORTON died *July* 14, 1597, in the 44th year of his age: his best beloved friend, RICHARD SYMONS, erected this monument to his memory.

Against the north wall of the choir of *York Minster*, is a figure of HYGEIA reclining over an urn, on a tripod, at the bottom of which are two dogs: in her left hand a corolla, in her right hand a staff and one stake.

To the memory of
JOHN DEALTRY, M. D.
Whose skill in his profession was
Only equalled by
The humanity of his practice;
ELIZABETH, his afflicted widow,
Dedicates this marble.

He died *March* 25th, MDCCLXXIII.
Aged 65.

Here o'er the tomb where DEALTRY's ashes sleep,
See HEALTH in emblematic anguish weep;
She droops her faded wreath: "No more," she cries,
"Let languid mortals, with beseeching eyes,
"Implore my feeble aid:—it fail'd to save
"My own and nature's guardian from the grave.

Claybrook,

Claybrook, Leicestershire.

Sacred
To the memory of
CLUER DICEY,
Who died 3d of *October*, 1775, aged 60.

O thou, or friend or stranger, who shall tread
These solemn mansions of the dead,
Think, when this record to enquiring eyes
No more shall tell the spot where DICEY lies;
When this frail marble, faithless to its trust,
Mould'ring itself, resigns its moulder'd dust;
When time shall fail, and nature feel decay,
And earth, and sun, and skies dissolve away;
The soul this consummation shall survive,
Defy the wreck, and but begin to live:
Oh pause! reflect, resolve, repent, amend!
Life has no length, eternity no end.

Hannah More.

Chesterfield,

Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

EDWARD BURTON,
Attorney at law, in *Chesterfield*,
Died *April* 23, 1782, aged 54.

A tender husband, and a friend sincere,
Consign'd to earth, implores the silent tear;
Learn'd in the laws, he never warp'd their sense
To shelter vice, or injure innocence;
But, firm to truth, by no mean int'rest mov'd,
To all dispens'd that justice which he lov'd;
Virtue oppress'd he taught her rights to know,
And guilt detected fear'd the coming blow.
Thus humbly useful, and without offence,
He fill'd the circle mark'd by Providence;
In age completing, what his youth began,
"The noblest work of God, AN HONEST MAN."

Pancras,

Pancras, Middlesex.

Over the remains of five children of JAMES and JANE WAKELIN.

Weep not for us, ye parents dear,
To grieve it is in vain;
CHRIST is our hope, ye need not fear,
We all shall meet again.

Pancras, Middlesex.

MARY BENNETT, daughter of THOS. and ANNE BENNETT, died 10th of *February*, 1756, aged 23.

Go, spotless honour, and unsullied truth;
Go, smiling innocence, and blooming youth;
Go, female sweetness, join'd with manly sense;
Go, winning wit, that never gave offence;
Go, soft humanity, that blest the poor;
Go, saint-ey'd patience, from affliction's door;

Go,

Go, modesty, that never wore a frown;
Go, virtue, and receive thy heav'nly crown.
Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse,
The friend inscribes thy tomb, whose tears bedew'd
thy hearse.

Pancras.

JOHN DEMPSEY, of St. James's, Westminster,
Died 24th *April*, 1783, aged 43.

Here all the comforts of this world do end,
With the tend'rest and the kindest friend:
He was the man who ne'er opprest the poor,
Nor sent the stranger hungry from the door.
This doth not come from an indiff'rent friend,
But from a wife, whose love shall never end.

The two last lines, with a slight variation, I have noticed as finishing many of the Epitaphs in this church yard.

Pancras.

Pancras.

MRS. ANN COOPER died *November* 25th, 1779,
Aged 69.

Ah! shade rever'd, this frail memorial take,
'Tis all, alas! thy sorrowing child can make;
On this faint stone to mark thy parent worth,
And claims the spot, that holds thy sainted earth;
This clay-cold shrine, the corpse enshrouded here;
This holy hillock, bath'd with many a tear;
These kindred flow'rs, that o'er thy bosom grow,
Fed by the precious dust that lies below;
E'en these rude brambles, which embrace thy head,
And the green sod, that forms thy sacred bed,
Are richer, dearer, to his filial heart
Than all the monuments of proudest art.
Yet, yet a little, and thy child shall come
To join a mother in this decent tomb.
This only spot of all the world is mine,
And soon my dust, sweet saint, shall mix with thine.

Pancras.

Mrs. PENELOPE JOHNSON died 26th *April*, 1788, aged 37.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.*

Her pains and griefs are o'er,
And life's fierce storms are past;
Safe she reach'd the heav'nly shore,
Where joys unfading last.

Pancras.

MRS. FAGAN, born 1737, died 1781, aged 44.

Whate'er of mild affection were belov'd,
Rever'd of virtue, or of sense approv'd;
Whate'er of candour female bosoms know,
Once warm'd the gentle heart that rests below.

* May she rest in peace.

Pure as that heart may flow'rs eternal bloom;
May pensive genius strew them round her tomb;
And oh! may those, by chance or fancy led,
To pay sad tribute to the hallow'd dead,
With fond remembrance from this spot retire,
And strive to copy what they much admire.

Pancras.

MARY DAGLISH died *July* 14, 1788, aged 30.

Here rests, recall'd from early stage of life,
A tender mother and a virtuous wife;
With wasting pain, heav'n saw she was in grief,
Pitied her sighs, and kindly gave relief.

Pancras.

MR. CHRISTOPHER CONNOR died 1781, aged 31.

My days on earth are past, which were but few.

Grieve not for me, dear wife, it is in vain,
Your loss, I hope, is my eternal gain.

Pancras.

Pancras.

MASTER GEORGE AUGUSTUS ELLIOT, died 11th *April*, 1791, aged five years and seven months.

Snatch'd in his dawn, how swift our blessings fly,
Here the fond hopes of grieved parents lie.
But cease to weep, look up, ye mournful pair,
Behold your darling a bright seraph there;
See how he beckons from yon distant sphere,
Here fix your hope, he cries, your treasure's here.

Lambeth.

Here lies the clay, which the other day,
Enclosed CATHERINE PITT's soul;
But now 'tis fled and unconfin'd;
It's gone, and left the clog behind.

Died *November* 19, 1781, aged 70.

Lambeth.

MR. JOHN MOORE died DECEMBER 29th, 1794,
Aged 52.

Adieu, dear friends, I take my leave;
Farewell, my loving wife;
Our children dear your guardians be,
And bless your widow'd life.
When from this world you are releas'd,
Its sorrows, toils and cares,
In everlasting joy we'll meet,
To sing our Saviour's praise.

Heston Church Yard.

Farewell, dear youth, farewell, till we above
Meet in the peaceful realms of light and love;
Grain, hid in earth, repays the peasant's care,
And evening suns but set to rise more fair.

On a lovely Boy.

Bright as the gems the wealthy orients boast,
Sweet as the odours of their spicy coast;
A pearly dew-drop, see some flow'r adorn,
And grace with all its pride the rising morn.
But soon the sun emits a fiercer ray,
And the fair fabric rushes to decay;
Low in the dust the beauteous ruin lies,
While the pure vapour seeks its native skies;
A fate like this to thee, sweet youth, was given,
To sparkle, bloom, and be exhal'd to heaven.

Lee, Kent.

WILLIAM PARSONS, ESQ.* died *February* 3d, 1795,
Aged 59.

Here PARSONS lies, oft on life's busy stage,
With nature, reader, hast thou seen him vie;
He science knew, knew manners, knew the age,
Respected knew to live, lamented die.

* The celebrated Comedian.

On Captain JOHN SO.

So did he live,
So did he die,
So, so say you So,
So let him lie.

St. Martin's, Leicester.

Here lyeth the bodie of JOHN HEYRICK, who departed thys life *April* 2d, 1589, being about the age of 76 yeeres; hee dyd mary MARIE, the dāūr of JOHN BOND, Esq. of *Wardend*, in the countie of Warwick.

Hee lived with the said MARIE in one house 52 yeeres, and in all that tyme never buryed he manne, womanne, nor chylde, although there were sometymes twentie in the householde.

Hee had issue by the sayde MARIE, 5 sonnes and seven daughters: the sayde JOHN was Mayor of the Towne, 1559, again, 1572: the sayde MARIE lyved to ninety seven yeeres, and departed on

on the 8th of *December*, 1611: shee dyd see before her departure, of her chyldren, and chyldren's chyldren, to the number of 142.

In a church yard in *Shropshire*, I am informed, is the following, on a humorous OLD MAN, who obtained considerable property by exchanging pins, needles, &c. for old rags, at farm houses in the neighbourhood.

Supposed to have been written by himself.

Here lies old RALPH; he sleeps very safe,
His age it was threescore and ten;
He never did any good, and swore he never would,
If he had liv'd as long again.

From the *Spectator*, No. 518.

Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei supremi:
Qualis erat dies iste indicabit.

In English.

Here lyeth R. C. in expectation of the last day:
What sort of man he was, that day will discover.

St.

St. John's, Hackney.

PENNINAH JUCKES, *Anno* 1716.

A maid near eighteen we've laid in this green,
To rest herself here a short space;
And after that time, this rose in her prime,
Shall rise up again by God's grace.

On MR. JAMES ROBERTS, an eminent printer and publisher, who died *November* 1st, 1754, aged 83.

Let some by blazon'd heralds shine,
And backwards trace their ancient line;
From heaps of gold let others raise
A monument of flatt'ring praise;
Let others boast their pomp and state,
Of merit void, ignobly great:
One truth, o'er these remains below
Inscrib'd, more honour will bestow,
Than lineage, wealth, or grandeur can,—
"Here lies interr'd an HONEST MAN."

In

In the church at *Lowestoffe*, *Suffolk*, on a handsome monument, is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation.

Sacred to the memory of SIR JOHN HOLT, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench for the space of twenty-one years successively, and of the privy-council to King WILLIAM, Queens MARY and ANNE; a vigilant, penetrating and intrepid assertor, vindicator and guardian of the liberty and laws of ENGLAND.

Newington Butts.

WILLIAM DAVIES died 28th *March*, 1791, aged 37.

Our mortal frame to earth decays,
But faith dispels the gloom;
Man's spirit lives, and God shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

SIR JOHN BRIDGEMAN, who was president of the council in the marches of NORTH WALES, and resided at LUDLOW CASTLE, for some very slight offence committed one RALPH GITTINS, *bellman*, and *epitaph-maker*, to the town prison: Sir John soon after died; and in gratitude for his kindness, RALPH honoured him with the following laconic epitaph.

Here lies SIR JOHN BRIDGEMAN, clad in his clay:
God said to the Devil,—" Sirrah, take him away."

Nettlebed, Oxon.

Here lies father, and mother, and sister, and I,
We all died within the space of one short year;
They all be buried at *Wimble*, except I,
And I, be buried here.

The ABBÉ DE LA RIVIERE left by will one hundred crowns to any person that would write his epitaph.

LE MONNOYCE took the sum, and wrote as follows.

Cy git un tres grand personnage,
Qui fût d'illustre lineage,
Qui possedâ mille virtus,
Qui ne trompa jamais, qui fût toujours fort sage,
Je n'en derai pas d'avantage,
C'est trop mentir, pour cent ecus.

In English.

Here lies a great man,
Descended from an illustrious family,
Who was possessed of many virtues,
Was never guilty of deceit, and was
Always admired for his sagacity:
I shall derive no advantage,
As 'tis too great a lie for an hundred crowns.

From

From a MS. Collection.

An old punning epitaph on a COBLER.

Here lies honest THOM COBLER, whom curst fate,
Seeing WAX worse and worse, would needs translate;
'Twas a trusty GOOD SOUL, and time has beene
Hee would WELL LIQUOR'D go thro' thick and thin;
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't:
Hee calling for his NAULE, death brought him his LAST;
'Twas not uprightly done to cut HIS THREAD,
That MENDED more and more till he was dead:
But being dead, all that can now be saide,
Honest THOM COBLER is UNDERLAIDE.

On MOLLY STONE.

MOLLY fuit SAXUM, SAXUM O! si MOLL E fuisset
Non soret hic subter, sed super esset ei.

On

On a Gentleman who died the day after his Lady.

She first departed; he for one day try'd
To live without her; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Pancras.

Here innocence and beauty lies, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death;
Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin;
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

Tower Church, London.

Erected in memory of Captain VALENTINE PYNE, late master gunner of ENGLAND, second son of GEORGE PYNE, of CURRIMALLET, in the county of SOMERSET, GENT. who following the footsteps of his father, in loyalty and obedience to his sovereign, trailed a pike,

under the command of his said father, in the late expedition at CALAIS, in the year 1625, and in the year 1627, in the expedition of the ISLE of RHEE: after that he betook himself to his majesty's fleet, where he served at sea, till the late unhappy rebellion; and during that rebellion, in his majesty's service by land; after whose death, he voluntarily followed the command of PRINCE RUPERT, for the space of fifteen years, both in his expedition at sea, and in the wars of GERMANY, till his now majesty's happy restoration, since which time he commanded some of his majesty's ships in the first war against the DUTCH; and in recompence of his faithful services, his majesty was graciously pleased to elect him master gunner of ENGLAND, in which capacity he departed this life (which he led single), the last day of *April*, Anno Domini 1677, in the 28th year of his majesty's reign, aged 74 years.

V ndaunted hero, whose aspiring mind,
A s being not willing here to be confin'd,
L ike birds in cage, in narrow trunk of clay,
E ntertain'd death and with it soar'd away;
N ow he is gone, why should I not relate
T o future age his valour, fame, and fate:
I ust, loyal, prudent, faithful, such was he,
N ature accomplish'd world's epitome.

P roud

P roud he was not, and tho' by riches try'd,
Y et virtue was his safe, his surest guide;
N or can devouring time his rapid jaws
E 'er eat away those actions he made laws.

Allhallows, Barking.

Here lyeth the body of MARGARET, the wife of ABRAHAM ASH, Russia merchant, who was the daughter of ARTHUR DEE, Doctor in Physick, fourteen years physician to the Emperor of all RUSSIA: she had issue by her said husband ten children, and died in childbed at the age of thirty three, 21st *June*, 1638.

Thou bed of rest, preserve for him a room,
Who lives a man divorced from his wife,
That as they were one heart, so this one tomb
May hold them near in death as link'd in life:
She's gone before, and after comes her head,
To sleep with her among the blessed dead.

Intended for a monument in *Scotland*.

To the immortal memory of
SIR PETER HALKETT, of PITSIRRANE, Bart.
And colonel of one of his majesty's regiments of Foot,
Who was slain in that unfortunate conflict
In AMERICA,
In the year 1755,
Unfortunate indeed to ENGLAND; and the more so,
As by this gallant commander's death,
It tore from her
One so capable of wiping off her disgrace,
Had he *himself* commanded in chief.
Thus, it is most likely he would have fallen;
But then we may well believe,
Unless from *that one circumstance*,
That Britain would never have remembered
The day with sorrow:
After repeated efforts to rally his men,
He received a shot from the enemy in the head,
Whilst a second pierced his heart;
That loyal and manly heart, always ready to execute
The greatest action which the head could plan;
It was from a bed of sickness, against all the prayers

And

And entreaties of his friends and family,
That he led his regiment to the field where
He now lies
IN THE BED OF HONOUR.

This is erected by the Right Honourable
The Lady AMELIA HALKETT,
Not as an addition to his glory,
(Vain were that thought!)
But as a testimony, small as it is,
Of the constant and unfeigned love,
She bears to the memory
Of
The best of husbands and of men.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest;
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
Honour shall come, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

On a Libertine.

Here lies the vile dust of the sinfullest wretch,
That ever the Devil delayed to fetch:
But the reader will grant it was needless he shou'd,
When he saw him a coming as fast as he cou'd.

Queen ELIZABETH died at *Richmond* the 24th day of *March*, 1602, in the 70th year of her age, and 45th of her reign, and was buried on the north side of King HENRY the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of *April* following (attended by sixteen hundred mourners), over whom King James erected a sumptuous monument, with two inscriptions in Latin. For the benefit of the English reader, the translation is here given as Englished by MR. SPEED, in his *Chronicle of the Kings of England*.

For an eternal memorial,

Unto ELIZABETH, Queen of ENGLAND, FRANCE and IRELAND, Daughter of King HENRY VIII.

grandchild

grandchild to King HENRY VII. great grandchild to King EDWARD IV. The mother of this her country, the nurse of religion and learning, for perfect skill of very many languages, for glorious endowments, as well of mind as body, and for regal virtues beyond her sex.

A prince incomparable,

JAMES, of GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE and IRELAND, King, Inheritor both of her virtues and kingdoms, to her so well deserving, piously hath this erected.

Consorts both in throne and in grave, here rest we two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, in hope of our resurrection.

Sacred unto memory,

Religion to its primitive sincerity restored, peace thoroughly settled, coin to the true value refined, rebellion at home extinguished. France near ruin by intestine mischiefs relieved; Netherlands supported; Spain's Armada vanquished; Ireland with Spaniards expulsion and traitors coercion quieted; both universities revenues by a law of provision exceedingly augmented; finally, all England enriched, and XLV. years most prudently governed.

Elizabeth,

Elizabeth, a Queen, a Conqueress, a Triumpher, the most devoted to piety, the most happy, after LXX. years of her life, quietly by death departed, hath left here (in this most famous collegiate church, which by her was established and refounded) these remains of her mortality, until at Christ's call they again rise immortal.

Durham Abbey.

"HUGH, Bishop of DURHAM, having finished the chapel called the Galilee, caused a feretory of gold and silver to be made, wherein were deposited the bones of venerable BEDE, translated and removed from ST. CUTHBERT's Shrine. In the lower part of the first work some Latin verses were engraven."

Thus Englished.

This coffin doth contain the bones of venerable BEDE;
Christ to the maker sense did give, and to the giver gold;
One PETER fram'd the work, the cost Bishop HUGH paid,
So PETER and HUGH, patrons both, St. Bede enclos'd in mold.

In

In the year of our Lord, one thousand, three hundred and seventy, RICHARD OF BARNARD CASTLE, did with eagerness procure, that the bones of ST. BEDE, lying nigh to ST. CUTHBERT's shrine, should be translated into the Galiley, there to remain. This RICHARD deceased, for the love he had for ST. BEDE, ordered his own bones to be laid near him.

" It appears in the description of the state of the church of DURHAM, that the bones of ST. BEDE were first laid in the monastery of JARROW, and afterwards brought to DURHAM, and placed in a golden coffin on the right side of the body of ST. CUTHBERT.

" EDIRIDUS, a priest in that time, 1020, did affirm and certainly record, that one coffin contained both the bones of ST. CUTHBERT and the bones of ST. BEDE."

Antiquities of Durham Abbey.

Durham Abbey.

RICHARD, PRIOR of HOLY ISLAND, was made PRIOR of DURHAM, in 1272. His Epitaph was

Agnus, non Pardus jacit hic,
Prior ecce RICHARDUS.

In

In English.

A LAMB not a LEOPARD lies here,
Behold it is RICHARD the PRIOR.

Lincoln Cathedral.

To the deathless memory of the Reverend Father Mr. WILLIAM COLE, Doctor of thrice sacred Divinity, and sometime President of *Corpus Christi College*, in *Oxford*, and late Dean of *Lincoln*, his much beloved and eldest daughter ABIGAIL STRATFORD, wife of HENRY STRATFORD, of *Hawling*, in the county of *Gloucester*, Esq. erected this her pious remembrance, the 21st of *June*, 1632.

Reader, behold the pious pattern here
Of true devotion and of holy fear;
He sought God's glory, and the church's good,
Idle idol worship firmly he withstood;
Yet died in peace, whose body here doth lie
In expectation of eternity.
And when the latter trump of heav'n shall blow,
COLE, now *rak'd up in ashes*, then shall *glow*.

St. Flavian's, by *Mount Fiascone.*

EST. EST. EST. P. P. R. NIUM. EST. HIC. JO. DE. FUC. D. MEUS. MORTUS. EST.

This is (according to the Abbé BLAINVILLE) on the tomb of a *German Prelate.* This worthy Bishop, who, like the rest of his countrymen, was no enemy to the bottle, had an affair which required his presence in *Rome.* No sooner had he set his foot in *Italy*, but he ordered his steward to go before, in order to taste the wines in every Inn upon the road. In case the wine was tolerably good, the *major domo* was to chalk upon the door in capitals, the Latin word EST;* if very good, he was to write EST. EST. At last the steward being arrived in *Monte Fiascone*, found the *Muscadel* wine so delicious, that he did not scruple to triple the EST, and accordingly the Bishop found that his steward had a superlative taste.

And now the *Right Reverend Father* caroused so heartily that his farce became a *Tragedy*; in a word, in a few days he *died* of the *Muscadel.* The tri-

* In English, *it is.*

pler

pler of EST, who perhaps did not lay in such a large stock as the Bishop, survived to bury his master, and on the stone the deceased is represented in his pontifical vestments, with his mitre, crosier, and other episcopal ornaments.

The people of the town tell you, that this *venerable Bacchanal* bequeathed ten thousand crowns to the hospital of *Monte Fiascone*, upon condition that the said hospital should give annually on *Whitsunday*, to all persons who might come thither, as much bread and Muscadel wine as they could eat and drink at one meal. On each side of his effigy there are two scutcheons, and as many drinking-glasses. MISSON mentions the arms, and says he was of one of the most considerable families in *Augsburgh*.

St. Giles's in the Fields.

Here lyeth RICHARD PENDRELL, preserver and conductor to his Sacred Majesty King CHARLES the 2d, of GREAT BRITAIN, after his escape from Worcester fight, in the year 1651: he died *February* 8th, 1671.

Hold, passenger, here's shrouded in this herse
Unparallel'd PENDRELL through the universe;

Like

Like when the eastern star from heav'n gave light
To three lost Kings, so he, in such dark night,
To BRITAIN's Monarch, toss'd by adverse war,
On earth appear'd a second eastern star;
A pole, a stern in her rebellious main;
A pilot to her royal sovereign.
Now to triumph in heav'n's eternal sphere,
He's hence advanc'd, for his just steerage here;
Whilst ALBION's chronicles, with matchless fame,
Embalm the story of great PENDRELL's name.

Bishopsgate, London.

MIRIAM TAYLOR, daughter of RICHARD and AGNES TAYLOR, who departed this life *June* 30th, 1705, aged 17; also JOHN TAYLOR, who was unfortunately killed by a blow with a stick, on Holy Thursday, 1710, in the 15th year of his age.

All you that chance this tomb of mine to see,
Pray stop, and read, and warning take by me.
With care observe your parent's sound advice,
Your safety in your just obedience lies.
If you their wise commands once disobey,
Like me, to sudden death you'll fall a prey.

St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street.

Here lyeth the body of SIR WILLIAM STONE, Knight, free of the *Cloth-workers* and *Turkey* Companies, some time Alderman of this City: he was the sonne of REYNOLD STONE, *Citizen* and *Fishmonger* of *London*. The said Sir WILLIAM departed this life the 14th of *November*, 1609, aged 63 years.

As the earth the earth doth cover,
So under this stone lies another,
Sir WILLIAM STONE; who long deceas'd
Ere the world's love him releas'd,
So much it lov'd him; for they say
He answer'd death before his day;
But 'tis not so, for he was sought
Of one that both him made and bought.
He remain'd the great Lord's treasure,
Who called for him at his pleasure,
And receiv'd him, yet be it said,
Earth was griev'd, that heav'n so soon was paid.

Here

Here likewise lies inhumed in one bed
Dame BARBARA, the well beloved wife
Of this remember'd Knight, whose soules are fled
From this dimme vale to everlasting life.

In the reign of CHARLES the First, a very extraordinary person was Minister of *Malross*, in *Berwickshire*: he lived in a continued state of litigation with his patron the EARL of HADDINGTON; and when that peer died, he caused the following to be engraved on his tomb, but the COUNTESS ordered it to be erased.

Here lies one who, while he stood,
Was matchless, if he had been ———;
This epitaph is a syllable short,
Which, if you please, you may add to't;
But what that syllable doth import,
This noble peer could never do't.

Murray's British Traveller.

In a field near the town of *Malross* was a stone with the following inscription, to the memory of a young woman of that place, who, in one of the skirmishes between the English and Scotch borderers, endowed with the spirit of an Amazon, slew several of the English; and such was her courage, that she fought after both her legs were cut off, as appears by the inscription.

Fair maiden LIDDIARD lies under this stone,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame:
On the English lads she laid many thumps,
And when her legs were cut off, she fought on the stumps.

In HENRY VIIth's chapel in *Westminster Abbey*, is a beautiful altar of white marble, erected by order of King Charles the IId, to the memory of King EDWARD the Vth and his brother RICHARD, with an inscription in Latin, which is thus Englished.

Here lie
The reliques
Of EDWARD V. King of ENGLAND, and RICHARD
DUKE OF YORK:

These

These brothers being confined in the Tower,
And there stifled with pillows,
Were privately and meanly buried,
By order of
Their perfidious uncle, RICHARD the Usurper.
Their bones long enquired after, and wished for,
After 201 years,
In the rubbish of the stairs (i. e. those lately leading
To the chapel of the *White Tower*)
Were, on the 17th day of July, 1674, by undoubted
Proofs discovered,
Being buried deep in that place.
CHARLES II. a most compassionate prince,
Pitying their severe fate,
Ordered these unhappy princes to be laid
Amongst the monuments of their predecessors,
Ann. Do. 1678, in the 30th year of his reign.

After RICHARD the IIId got the crown, he could not think himself safe while these young Princes remained alive, so commanded Sir ROBERT BRACKENBURY, *Lieutenant* of the *Tower*, to dispatch them; but he not coming into it, was ordered to resign his office for that occasion to Sir JAMES TYRRELL, who immediately procured two villains, MILES FORREST and JOHN DIGHTON, to smother them in bed; their lodging being then in that building near the *water-gate*, which is thereupon called the

Bloody Tower; their bodies were buried at the stair-foot there, somewhat deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones; but King RICHARD being told in what obscure place they lay, gave command for their better interment; whereupon a priest, belonging to Sir ROBERT BRACKENBURY, removing them, and dying shortly after, it could not be known whither they were carried: till upon *Friday* the 17th day of *July*, *Anno Domini* 1674, were found in the Tower the bones of two striplings in a wooden chest; which, upon survey (says MR. KNIGHT, surgeon to King CHARLES), appeared proportionate to the age of those two brothers; *viz.* about thirteen and eleven years. They were found about ten feet in the ground.

The following epitaph was written by THOMAS STANLEY, Bishop of *Man*, who lived under HENRY VIII. EDWARD VI. Queen MARY, and Queen ELIZABETH.

In *London's* Toure, in one place or anoder,
Interr'd lay Kyng EDWARD and his broder;
Who by their wicked eme were guyltles sleyne,
And basely buryed, yet tooke up againe,
And cast into the blacke deepes at *Tems* mouth;
Now whether wree't or tost from north to south,

Their

Their reliques are, it recks not, their soules rest
In heav'n, amongst God's children ever blest.

They were murdered in *July*, 1483, EDWARD being thirteen yeres old, and RICHARD about some two yeres younger.

St. Mary's, Beverley, Yorkshire.

Here two young *Danish* soldiers lie,
The one in quarrel chanc'd to die:
The other's head, by their own law,
By sword was sever'd with a blow.

December 23d, 1689.

St. Peter, Leeds, Yorkshire.

THOMAS CRABTREE died 1680, Æt. 19.

Short was my stay in this vain world,
All but a seeming laughter;
Therefore mark well thy words and ways,
For thou com'st posting after.

Selby,

Selby, Yorkshire.

Here lies the body of poor FRANK ROW,
Parish-clerk and grave-stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What FRANK for others us'd to do,
Is now for FRANK done by another.

St. Bride's, Fleet Street.

ZADOCK SHERMENDINE, ob. *July* 24, 1729,
Æt. 67.

For feats in FLANDRIA's plains renown'd,
Here lies a BRITISH blade;
Age gave at last the fatal wound,
Which foes in vain essay'd:
Yet boasts the grave but half its prey,
Whilst friends his name adore;
His deeds shall consecrate his clay,
And what can MARLBRO's more?

On

On an *Undertaker*.

Subdu'd by death, here death's great herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories;
Yet sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd breath,
Made it his business still to look for death.

On two Sisters *(Twins)*, buried together.

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death drew tears from ev'ry eye;
In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew they shone,
So much alike, so much the same,
Death quite mistook them both for one.

St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.

To the memory of SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

Here under lyeth a man of fame,
WILLIAM WALWORTH call'd by name:
Fishmonger he was in life tyme here,
And twice LORD MAYOR, as in books appere;
Who with courage stout and manly might,
Slew WAT TYLER in King RICHARD's sight;
For which act done and here intent,
The King made him Knight incontinent;
And gave him arms, as here may see,
To declare his fact and chivalrie;
He left this life the year of God,
Thirteen hundred fourscore and three odd.

Tungermund, in *Germany*.

High and mighty Lord GEORGE ERNEST DE KOHL, an ensign in his Prussian Majesty's army, was born *August* 18th, 1713. He had acquired great abilities for the military service, but the King of

of Kings called him to an holy *review* in the passion week, 1728: So that for three months he was unable to perform his *military exercise*; but after three days painful illness, he went well through the *exercise* of FAITH, HOPE AND PENITENCE.

Salzwedel, in *Prussia*.

Traveller, be not in a hurry, as if thou wert journeying *post-haste*, the *quickest post* requireth thou shouldest stop at the post-house.

Here lyeth the body of HER MATTHIAS SCHULZEN, who for the space of 25 years was a dutiful *post-master* of his Prussian Majesty at SALZWEDEL. He settled here in 1655: by means of the holy baptism, he had his name enrolled in the *post-book* of the holy land of CANAAN. He then travelled with distinction through the pilgrimage of life, visiting schools and universities; he with care and attention fulfilled the duties of a christian, and of an honest *post-master*; when the *post* of misfortune arrived, and brought him a *letter* of divine comfort, the contents of which he followed for the regulating his conduct; at last his body growing weak, he stood ready for the signal of the *post* arriving from death; his soul *set out on his journey* for heaven the

2d of June, 1711, and his remains are deposited in this place.

Reader, in thy pilgrimage, ever think on the prophetic *post* from death. *Jer.* xxxviii. *ver.* 1.

The following is said to be in a Church yard, in Oxfordshire, to the memory of an eminent Pye Woman of Oxford, who died. . . .

Here deep in the dust lies the *mouldy old crust*
Of NELL BATCHELOR, lately enclosen;
She well knew the arts of *pyes, puddings, and tarts,*
And learnt all the skill of the *oven.*

When she'd liv'd long enough, she made her last *puff,*
A *puff* by her husband much prais'd;
Now here she doth lie to make a *dirt pye,*
In hopes that her crust may be rais'd.

Woodford,

Woodford, Essex.

To the memory of Mr. Thomas Smith, and his wife, late of *Chigwell*, in this county, who were both born on the same day, and died on the same day, aged 70 years, of which they lived together 45 years.

To those whom death again did wed,
The grave's a second marriage bed;
What, tho' the hand of fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce;
It could not sever man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life:
Peace, good readers, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep;
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till the stormy night be gone;
The eternal morrow dawn,
And then the curtain will be drawn.

Stepney.

Here THOMAS SAFFIN lies interred: why?
Born in *New England*, did in *London* die;
Was the third son of right, begat upon
His mother MARTHA, by his father JOHN:
Much favor'd by his prince, he 'gan to be,
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three;
Fatal to him was that we small pox name,
By which his mother and two brethren came
Also to breathe their last, nine years before,
And now have left their father to deplore
The loss of all his children with his wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

Deceased *June* 18, 1687.

Bunhill Fields.

Here lies
Dame MARY PAGE,
Relict of Sir GREGORY PAGE, Bart.
Who departed this life *March* 4th, 1728,

In

In the 56th year of her age.
In 67 months she was tapped 66 times;
Had taken away 240 gallons of water,
Without ever repining at her case,
Or ever fearing the operation.

By Aaron Hill, Esq.
On his wife.

Enough, cold stone, suffice, her long lov'd name,
Words are too weak to pay her virtue's claim;
Temples, and tombs, and tongues, shall waste away,
And pow'r's vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay;
But e'er mankind a wife more perfect see,
Eternity, O time! shall bury thee.

Hackney.

Here lyeth Jone Only, the onely most faithful wyf of John Only, of *Warwickshire*, Esquire, to whose soule the onely trinitie be mercifull, amen. She died in the yeare 1525.

DR. SHERIDAN died in the year 1738, in the 55th year of his age. The following lines appeared in print soon after his death.

Beneath this marble stone here lies
Poor TOM, more merry much than wise;
Who only liv'd for two great ends,
To spend his cash and lose his friends;
His darling wife, of him bereft,
Is only griev'd there's nothing left.

Said to be at *South Shields*.

On ROBIN PEMBERTON.

Here lies ROBIN but not ROBIN HOOD;
Here lies ROBIN that never did good;
Here lies ROBIN by heav'n forsaken;
Here lies ROBIN—the Devil may take un.

In the Church Yard of the parish of *Box*.

To the memory of MORGAN DAVIS, Gent.
Who was born in the county of *Montgomery*,
Died *April* 16th, 1789, aged 63.

Death scarce has met, in all his mighty round,
A greater man than fills this hallow'd ground;
His pond'rous frame was aptly form'd to bear
The worth and virtues which resided there;
Facetious, friendly, just, humane and kind,
An ancient Briton's hospitable mind;
His few defects let him alone proclaim,
Who boasts superior bulk or purer fame:
Dost thou presume? mute be thy simple organ,
A greater, better man ne'er breath'd than MORGAN.

By Mr. Tattam.

Here lies JOHN SULLEN, and it is God's will,
He that was SULLEN shall be SULLEN still;
He still is SULLEN: if the truth ye seek,
Knock until doomsday, SULLEN will not speak.

On Mr. Thomas All.

Reader, beneath this marble lies
All that was noble, good, and wise;
All that once was form'd on earth,
All that was of mortal birth;
All that liv'd above the ground,
May within this grave be found:
If you have lost or great or small,
Come here and weep, for here lies All;
Then smile at death, enjoy your mirth,
Since he has took his All from earth.

On Mr. Miles.

This tombstone is a Milestone—Hah! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles—who's Miles below.
A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
But now stretch'd out, at least Miles long he lies;
His grave, tho' small, contains a space so wide,
'T has Miles in length and Miles in breadth and
Miles in room beside.

Wit's Muscum.

From

From a Village in *Suffolk*.

Life is only pain below
When Christ appears, then—up we go.

On Mr. Elderton, the red-nosed *Ballad Maker*.

Dead drunk, here Elderton does lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry.
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

On the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this marble herse
Lyes the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, e'er thou hast kill'd another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

In

In the South Aisle at ST. ALBANS is a monument to the memory of HUMPHREY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, and beneath his statue is a Latin Inscription, of which the following is a translation.

Sacred to the memory of an excellent Man.

Interred within this consecrated ground,
Lies he whom HENRY his protector found;
Good HUMPHREY, GLO'STER'S DUKE, who well could spy,
Fraud couch'd within the blind impostor's eye:
His country's light, the state's rever'd support,
Who peace and rising learning deign'd to court;
Whence his rich library at OXFORD plac'd,
Her ample schools with sacred influence grac'd:
Yet fell beneath an envious woman's wile,*
Both to herself, her king, and kingdom vile;

Who

* It is supposed that he was privately murdered at the instigation of Queen MARGARET OF ANJOU, wife to HENRY VI. She and the Duke of SUFFOLK, having conceived an inveteracy against him, caused him to be impeached of high treason; and after being confined in prison for seventeen days, he was found dead in his bed, on the 28th of February, 1447.

This

Who scarce allow'd his bones this spot of land,
Yet, spite of envy, shall his glory stand.

This Prince, who was a great patron of learning, laid the foundation of the famous Library at OXFORD, since known by the name of the BODLEIAN, from Sir THOMAS BODLEY, who afterwards greatly increased it. The Duke is said to have been remarkably sagacious; as an instance of which the following anecdote is preserved.

The King being at ST. ALBANS, a beggar, who said he had been born blind, recovered at the shrine of ST. ALBANS. The miracle being noised about, the Duke, who was with the King, desired to see the beggar; who being accordingly brought, he asked him, whether he was born blind? He answered, Yes truly. And can you see, says the Duke? Yes, I thank God and ST. ALBAN, said the beggar. Tell me then, says the Duke, of what colour is my gown? The beggar readily told him the colour. And what colour, says the Duke, is such a person's gown? The beggar likewise told him; and so of several others. You counterfeit knave, says the Duke, how came you that was born blind, and could not see till now, so suddenly to know the difference of colours? And thereupon, instead of giving him alms, he ordered him to be set in the stocks, as a proper punishment for a deception so vile in its nature.

Stepney.

Stepney.

WILLIAM WHEATLY, Ob. *November* 10, 1683.

Whoever treadeth on this stone,
I pray you tread most neatly;
For underneath the same do lie
Your honest friend, WILL WHEATLY.

Mr. WHEATLY is certainly more indebted for the preservation of his Epitaph to those who have formed Collections of that kind, than he is to the persons who have done him the *honour* of removing his tomb-stone for the purpose of making a foot path to the Church, of which path that forms a part; but the Inscription is now obliterated from the constant treading thereon.

St. Leonard, Bromley.

On a child of WILLIAM FERRERS, Esq.

As nurses strive to bed their babes to hie,
When they too liberally the wanton play,
So to prevent his future grievous crimes,
Nature, his nurse, got him to bed betimes.

St.

St. Mary Hill, London.

Here lies a Knight, in LONDON born,
SIR THOMAS BLANCH by name;
Of honest birth, of merchant's trade,
A man of worthy fame.

Religious was his life to God,
To men his dealings just;
The poore and hospitals can tell
That wealth was not his trust.

With gentle heart and spirit mild,
And nature full of pitie;
Both Sherriff, Lord Mayor and Alderman,
He ruled in this Citie.

The GOOD KNIGHT was his common name,
So call'd of many men:
He lived long, and died of yeeres
Twice seven and six times ten.

Ob. 28 *October*, 1588.

Wrexham,

Wrexham, Denbighshire.

Sacred
To the memory of
ELISHA YALE, ESQ.*
Who died 22d July, 1721.

Born in AMERICA, in EUROPE bred,
In AFRICA travell'd, and in ASIA wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd, at LONDON dead.
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul thro' mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive, and read, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare;
For only the actions of the just
Shall sweet and blossom in the dust.

* This gentleman was remarkable for having introduced Auctions into this country; the first of which was about the year 1700, of some goods brought home by him from FORT GEORGE, in the EAST INDIES, of which place he had been Governor.

Amongst

Amongst the smaller stones in *Wrexham* Church Yard, the two following.

Here lies interr'd beneath these stones,
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones,
Of WREXHAM Clerk, old DAVID JONES.
1668.

By the other we find that the deceased had lived, but not that he died.

Here lies JOHN SHORE,
I say no more,
Who was alive
In *sixty-five*. *October* 9th.

Peterborough Cathedral.

Heare lyeth the body of JANE PARKER,
The wife of VALENTINE PARKER;
She departed this life *September* 19th, 1653.

Heare lyeth a MIDWIFE brought to bed,
DELIVERESSE DELIVERED;
Her body being churched here,
Her soule gives thankes in yonder sphere.

On an *old Woman* who kept a *Potter's Shop* at *Chester.*

Beneath this stone lies old KATHARINE GRAY,
Chang'd from a busy life to lifeless CLAY;
By EARTH and CLAY she got her pelf,
But now is turn'd to EARTH herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall PITCHER, or broad pan,
She in her SHOP MAY BE AGAIN?

St.

St. Mary, Aldermanbury.

In memory of
JOHN WATS,
Fifth Son of THOMAS AND ELIZABETH WATS,
Of this Parish,
Who died 22d of *July*, 1705, aged 8 years.

Peculiar blessings bear the shortest date,
And wond'rous births early resign to fate;
They're made by nature of superior mould,
Of two refin'd a substance to grow old.

The following is reported to be inscribed on a stone in *Wrexham* Church Yard.

Here lies old HARE, worn out with care,
Who whilom *toll'd the bell*,
Could *dig a grave*, or *set a stave*,
And say *Amen* full well.

For *sacred song*, he'd STERNHOLD's tongue,
And HOPKINS' eke also;
With cough and hem, he stood by them,
As far as lungs would go.
Many a feast for worms he drest,
Himself then wanting bread;
But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,
To starve them now he's dead.
Here take his *spade*, and use his trade,
Since he is out of breath;
Cover the bones of him, who once
Wrought journey-work for *death*.

St. Michael, Crooked Lane.

Here lyeth wrapt in clay
The body of WILLIAM WRAY:
I have no more to say.

St. Thomas, Sarum.

To the memory of LUCY HIPPESLY, daughter of ROBERT HIPPESLY, Esq. died aged six years.

O born to bless and die, in temper mild,
In sense a woman, tho' in age a child;

In whom love, innocence, and beauty shin'd,
Clear from those clouds of vice, which shade the mind;
Beheld, admir'd, and lost, thy parents pride,
Who never gav'st them grief, but when you dy'd;
Justly bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by heaven,
Wherein a better, happier state is given!
This last sad mark of my fond love receive,
The only mark of love I now can give;
Who to thy memory consecrate this stone,
And speak thy mother's sorrows in her own.

From a Church Yard in *Cumberland*.

Written by DEBORAH HARRISSON, on her husband AUGUSTINE HARRISSON, in the *fourteenth century*.

My husband lyeth dede
Ondyr thys ston;
Dethe came to he, and seyde
Oh! oh! John.

In the *Collatine Way, Rome.*

Dis Manibus
SEXTI PERPENNÆ FIRMI;
Vixi quemadmodum volui:
Quare mortuus sum nescio.

Thus Englished.

TO THE GODS Manes of SEXTUS PERPENNA FIRMUS.

I lived as I liked;
But why I dyed,
I can give no reason.

St. Nizarro, Milan.

Jo. JACOBUS Magnus TRIVULTIUS, ANTONII filius, qui nunquam quievit quiescit.
Tace!

In English.

Here lies quiet JOHN JAMES TRIVULTIO, the son of ANTONIO, who never lay quiet before. Hush!

TRIVULTIO was a MILANESE, and having been banished from MILAN, he served the FRENCH King, and was by him made Governor of that City.

Gloucester Cathedral.

Here lies the body of SAMUEL BRIDGER, Gent. who departed this life the 21st day of July, 1650.

Receiver of this College rents, he paid
His debt to nature, and beneath he's laid
To rest, until his summons to remove,
At the last audit, to the choir above.

On a Scolding Wife, who died in her sleep.

Here lies the quintessence of noise and strife,
Or, in one word, here lies a scolding wife;
Had not death took her when her mouth was shut,
He durst not for his ears have touch'd the slut.

On an old Hawker, found dead in the Highway.

JOHN SHERRY lies here, whose fixed abode
Before was no where, for he lived on the road;
And with age grown scarce able to creep,
He there laid him down and died in a sleep.
But some friends, who him lov'd, soon heard his mishap,
And hither remov'd him to take out his nap.

From the Church Yard, *Spinning Wheel Alley, Old Bethlem.*

Mr. LUDOWICK MUGGLETON* died Monday, *March* 24, 1698, in the 80th year of his age.

Whilst mausoleums and large inscriptions give
Might, splendor, and past death make potents live,
It is enough to briefly write thy name,
Succeeding times by that will read thy fame.
Thy deeds, thy acts, around the globe resound;
No foreign soil where MUGGLETON's not found.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

* He was the great Teacher and Pillar of a Society (from him) called MUGGLETONIANS, and bore the character of a mighty Prophet among his own people.

Christ's

Christ's Hospital.

Near this place lieth interred the body of Mrs. JOHANNA PARRY, who was born in the year of our Lord God 1577. She lived 25 years under the reign of Queen ELIZABETH, in the reign of King James I. Charles I. Charles II. and in the second year of the reign of our present most gracious Sovereign Lord King James II.: on the 20th day of *February*, 1685, she died, being in the one hundred and eighth year of her age.

From an old Manuscript.

Here lyeth the worthy warriour
Who never bloddied sword;
Here lyeth the noble counsellor,
Who never held his word;
Here lyeth his excellencie,
Who ruled all the state;
Here lyeth the Earl of *Lecester*,
Whom all the world did hate.

Sepultus apud *Warwick* 10 *Octobris*, 1588.
Obiit apud *Wichwood*, Com. *Oxon*, 4 *Septembris*.

The

The following Inscription is on the URN in which the Heart of PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ. was deposited, and which is placed on a Mausoleum at *West Wykeham*, the seat of Lord le Despencer.

PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ.
of *Twickenham*,
Obiit *December* 30,
1774.

Unhallow'd hands, this urn forbear:
No gems, nor orient spoil
Lie here conceal'd—but, what's more rare,
A heart that knows no guile.

In the year 1748, Mr. Dawkes, an eminent surgeon at *St. Ives* near *Huntingdon*, published a small Tract called Prodigium Wellinghamense, or an account of a surprizing boy, who was buried at *Wellingham*, near *Cambridge*; upon whom he wrote the following Epitaph. But whether it was ever engraved upon his tomb stone, I have not learned.

Siste, Viator!
Noverisque mirans,
Reliquias THOMÆ,
A THOMA et MARGARITA HALL
Hic jacere sepultas:
Qui
Nondum anniculis
Pubuit:
Triennis necdum,
In quatuor fere pedes
Adoleverat:
Ingenti robore,
Partium symmetriâ rectâ,
Stupendâ voce
Præditus
Sexennis neque,
Provectâ quasi ætate,
Mortuus

Mortuus est.
Accepit in hâc villâ vitam,
Pridiè *Kalend. Novemb.* MDCCXLI.
Inque eadem reddidit illam,
Septembris IIItio
MDCCXLVII.

The *English* of which is thus:

Stop, traveller, and wondering know, that here lie the remains of THOMAS, Son of THOMAS and MARGARET HALL. Before he was a year old, he arrived at puberty; and was near four feet high before he was three years old; endowed with great strength, exact symmetry of parts, and a stupendous voice; he had not quite reached his sixth year, when he died, as of an advanced age.

Here he was born, and here he gave way to fate, *September* 3d, 1747.

Mr. DAWKES viewed him, after he was dead, and says the corpse had the aspect of a venerable old man.

Totteridge, Herts.

Under this pew lies interred the body of Mrs. SUSANNA TURNER, Daughter of RICHARD TURNER, Esq. and Dorothy his wife, of this parish, who died the 14th of *July*, 1672. Æt. 15 years and 10 months.

Now take thy rest, dear soul, in thy cold bed;
For tho' to heav'n thy precious soul be fled,
Thou shalt not here as one neglected lie,
But be preserv'd by God's most watchful eye.
Wait but awhile, that thou may'st be refin'd,
And thou shalt rise and leave thy dross behind.
Grace made thee lovely and admir'd by all,
And sure since grace adorn'd thee, glory shall.

St. James, Clerkenwell.

Upon a very worthy friend, Master JOHN WEAVER, a learned antiquary.

This monument was made and placed at the cost and charges of JOHN SKILLICORN, Esq. being his executor.

WEAVER, who labour'd in a learned strain,
To make men long since dead to live again;
And with expence of oil and ink did watch,
From the worm's mouth the sleeping corse to snatch,
Hath by his industry begot a way,
Death (who insidiates all things) to betray;
Redeeming freely by his care and cost
Many a sad herse, which time long since gave lost:
And to forgotten dust such spirit did give,
To make in our memories to live;
For wheresoe'er a ruin'd tomb he found,
His pen has built it new out of the ground;
'Twixt earth and him this interchange we find,
She hath to him, he bin to her like kind;
She was his mother, he a grateful child,
Made her his theme, in a large work compil'd,

Of funerals, reliques, and brave structures rear'd,
On such as seem'd unto her most endear'd;
Alternately to him a grave she lent,
O'er which his book remains a monument.

LANCASHIRE gave me breath and CAMBRIDGE education, MIDDLESEX gave me death, and this Church my humation, and Christ to me has given a place with him in heaven.

Ætatis suæ 56, A. D. 1632.

St. Clement Danes Burying Ground.

Here lie the remains of
Honest Joe Miller,
Who was a tender husband,
A sincere friend,
A facetious companion,
And an excellent comedian.
He departed this life the 15th day of *August*, 1738,
Aged 54 years.

If humour, wit, and honesty, could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave,

The

The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, wit, and humour crown'd.

Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well.

Lambeth.

In the year 1662 a monument was erected in this church yard, to the memory of the TRADESCANTS, father and son, the celebrated gardeners and botanists, of whom more may be known by searching the AHMOLEAN MUSEUM at OXFORD; to which their cabinet of curiosities was added by MR. ELIAS ASHMOLE, whose property they became by a deed of gift from MR. TRADESCANT, Jun. bearing date *December* 16th, 1657.

The monument being much decayed, it was handsomely restored at the expence of the parish, 1773, and the following inscription, originally designed for it, engraven on the stone.

Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lye JOHN TRADESCANT, grandsire, father, son;

The last dyed in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature through;
As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare, in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as HOMER's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut;
These famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gard'ners to the ROSE AND LILY QUEEN,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change this garden for a paradise.

For a particular account of these persons, see DR. DUCAREL's Appendix to the *History of Lambeth*.

Folkstone, Kent.

An house he hath, 'tis made of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation;
Nor will his landlord ever raise his rent,
Nor turn him out of doors for non-payment;

From

From chimney money* too this house is free:
To such an house who would not tenant be?

Erected 1688.

From a Church Yard in *Italy.*

On a Young Lady, who died soon after her marriage; representing her speaking to her husband, who was inconsolable at her death.

Immaturâ perî: sed tu diuturnior, annos
Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos.

Thus imitated in English.

Too soon unripe, my husband dear,
I broke the nuptial tie sincere,
And left thee to bemoan;
But mayst thou live a life serene,
Enjoy the years which I have seen,
And after live thy own.

* Alluding to the tax of two shillings per annum on every *fire-place* or *hearth* in every house in ENGLAND, began 13th CHARLES II. 1662, abolished by WILLIAM and MARY, 1689.

Winsley,

Winsley, near *Bradford*, *Wilts*.

Near this place lie the remains of JANE SARFEN: she spent a great part of her life in nursing of young children; in which station she behaved with that faithful diligence and tenderness, that her example is highly worthy the imitation of all those who undertake so important a trust.

ELIZABETH OLIVER, who owes her life to the indefatigable pains and unwearied attendance of this good woman, thinks it her duty to pay this last grateful tribute to her memory.

Shoreham, *Sussex*.

On an aged poor Woman.

From care and pain, from sin and sorrow freed,
Here rest the ashes of a Saint indeed;
Whose patient faith no suff'ring hour could move;
Whose hope grew stronger, and more pure her love.

True

True to her Lord, in ev'ry state resign'd,
She bore his constant, meek, and lovely mind;
Till at his word her spirit soar'd away,
To see his face through heav'n's unclouded day.

Go, reader, go, her shining steps pursue,
And let thy faith the same obedience shew;
Be heav'n thy choice, all earthly dreams resign,
And let her life and latter end be thine.

Charter House Chapel, London.

Sacred to the glory of God, in grateful memory of
THOMAS SUTTON, ESQ.

Here lyeth buried the body of THOMAS SUTTON, late of *Castle-Camps*, in the county of *Cambridge*, Esq. at whose only cost and charges this hospital was founded, and endued with large possessions, for the relief of poor men and children. He was a gentleman born at *Knaith*, in the county of *Lincoln*, of worthy and honest parentage; he lived to the age of 79 years, and deceased the 12th day of *December*, 1611.

The

The CHARTER HOUSE was built 1371, and was a monaſtery for Franciscan Friars; but at the diſſolution of religious houſes, it was given to the EARL OF SUFFOLK, whoſe heirs ſold it to the above named THOMAS SUTTON, ESQ. for the ſum of 13,000l.

In 1611 he procured a patent from King James I. to turn this houſe into an hoſpital, which was afterwards confirmed by acts of parliament. He ſpent above 7,000l. in fitting it up, and left lands and houſes to the yearly value of 4,500l. for the ſupport of 80 decayed gentlemen and 40 boys. For a more particular account of this excellent foundation, ſee *Maitland's History of London.*

On a beautiful Child.

Beneath this rugged monument
There ſleeps the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er with tender paſſions warm'd
A parent's heart, or ſmiling charm'd:
Her wit mature, her roſy cheeks,
As the op'ning bloſſoms gay,
Or the ſtar, when morning breaks:
Heav'n ſaw; and ſnatch'd her ſoul away,
Amidſt its cherub forms to ſhine,
Who was like them ſo lovely and divine.
Bring flow'rs, ye virgins! ſtrew her grave,
Then ſay, "These ſweets let ſweetneſs have."

St.

St. Saviour's, Southwark.

In this church is a spacious monument of stone adorned with two pilasters, with cornice and pediment; between two pilasters is a rock, whereon stands an angel, holding in his left hand a sickle;* and pointing with his right hand towards the sun over his head, with this motto, *Sol Justitiæ*;† on the cornice on the right hand, under the angel, these words, *Vos estis Dei*;‡ and on the left hand of the cornice, *Agricultura.*

Out of the rock issues a stream, near which is a snake, and at the bottom, standing corn, bound with a scroll, on which is wrote, *Petra evat Xtus*,§ alluding to our Saviour, who is here stiled a rock, and the stream of blood, which flowed from his side, whereby the thirst of all believers is quenched. The snake is an emblem of the serpent lifted up by Moses in the wilderness, *Numbers*, Ch. xxi. typical to our Saviour, to whom we must look and be cured; round the rock, *Si non*

* Now broken off.
† The sun of righteousness.
‡ Ye are God's husbandry.
§ The rock was Christ.

moriatur,

moriatur, *non reviviscit* ;* and under that, *Nos fevit*, *fovit*, *lavit*, *cogit*, *renovabit*.† All this between two angels, in a reposing posture, placed lower, one having a pitch-fork, the other a rake; by each is placed the crest of the AUSTIN's family, with a motto scroll; under the angel with the fork is wrote *Messores*, and under that with the rake *Congregabunt*. These two angels and the other before mentioned allude to *Revelations*, Ch. xiv. where it is said, *the earth is reaped by them*: under the standing corn is a winnowing fan with the following inscription.

Arvum hoc Sepulchrale.

Exuviarum opt. matri Jacosæ Dominæ Clerke, sui ipsius lectissimæque uxoris consitions destinatum. Gulielmus Augustinus, Armiger, vivus sacravit. Anna conjux clarissima primo inseritur, qua post decimum partum (An. 1623, Jan 21. Marito ac liberis quinque superstibus) tricenaria valedicens: In restorescendi diem et spem, hac terra tegitur, sequimur cæteri: Sata corruptibiles, suscitandi incorruptibiles secundam fecit se mentem.

* If it dyeth not, it liveth not again.

† He hath sown, cherished us, and shall gather us together and renew us.

Domina

Domina Jacosa Matrona spectatiss, nupta, Jacobo Augustino per Ann. 22. deinde Roberto Clerke, Equiti Aurati. Saccarii Baroni per Ann 4. Viduata permansit an. 20. bonis operibus intenta devixit An. Æt. 66. Salutis 1626; et hix mature in Christo regerminandi vicem expectat.

Postremo ipse Gulielmus, eadem spe hic conditus monumentum, hoc conclusit, An. Æt. 47. Salutis, 1633.

And on a small slab of black marble, fixed under the monument this:

Requietorium Gulielmi Austin, Armigeri, qui in contemplandis proveniculo in mensa pro convivio, in morbo, patiens pro miraculo, in morte, fidelis pro exemplo, obiit 16 die Jan. 1633, Ætatis suæ 47.

On the right wing of the monument is wrote:

This monument was repaired at the charge of the parish, 1764.

And on the left:

This monument was repaired at the charge of the family of the Austins, 1706.

Morgan and Concannen's Antiquities of St. Saviour's.

On JOHN TREHERNE, Gentleman Porter to King JAMES the First.

Had kings a power to lend their subjects breath,
TREHERNE, thou should'st not be cast down by death;
Thy royal master still would keep thee then,
But length of days are beyond reach of men;
Nor wealth, nor strength, nor great men's love can ease
The wound death's arrows make, for thou hast these;
In thy king's court good place is given,
Whence thou shalt go to thy king's court in heaven.

St. Saviour's, Southwark.

In memory of RICHARD HUMBLE, Esq.
Alderman of LONDON,
1616.

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,

Or

Or like the dainty flow'r of *May*,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which JONAS had.
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done:
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Stepney.

MRS. MARY MORLEY, late of LYMEHOUSE,
Died *September* 12, 1700, aged 32.

Stay, reader, stand, and spend a tear,
And think of me, who now lye here;
And while you read the state of me,
Think on the glass that runs for the e.

St. Saviour's, Southwark.

DR. LOCKYER, deceased *April* 26, A. D. 1672, aged 72.

Here LOCKYER lies interr'd; enough—his name
Speaks one hath few competitors in fame;
A name so great, so gen'ral, it may scorn
Inscriptions, which do vulgar tombs adorn.
A diminution 'tis to write in verse
His eulogies, which most men's mouths rehearse;
His virtues and his pills are so well known,
That envy can't confine them under stone;
But they'll survive his dust, and not expire,
Till all things else at th' universal fire;
This verse is lost, his pills embalm him safe
To future times, without an epitaph.

Stepney.

Captain RICHARD MATTHEW was buried here 1665, and his daughter, MRS. ELIZABETH MARSH, 1695.

Thus fled our dear away, and with a dovelike mind,
She like a dove in spirit, and so she was inclin'd,
And left us here to mourn, we, who are left behind.

St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton, Somersetshire.

To the memory of ROBERT GRAY, Esq. a native of this town, who being left a poor helpless orphan, went as an errand-boy to London. In this state of servitude he behaved so well, that his master took him apprentice; and when out of his time set him up in a shop, where he had so much success, that he acquired a great fortune, and returned in his old age to TAUNTON.

Beneath his effigy is the following inscription.

TAUNTON bare him, LONDON bred him;
Piety train'd him, virtue led him;
TAUNTON bless'd him, LONDON bless'd him;
Earth enrich'd him, heaven possess'd him;
This thankful town, that mindful city,
Share his piety and pity;
What he gave, and how he gave it,
Ask the poor, and you shall have it;
Gentle reader, may heav'n strike
Thy tender heart to do the like;
And now thy eyes have read his story,
Give him the praise, and God the glory.

On the brow of *Lansdown Hill*, near *Bath*, is a handsome monument, erected by order of the late LORD LANSDOWN, to the honor of SIR BEVIL GRANVILLE, his Lordship's Ancestor, who was killed here on the 5th of *July*, 1643, in battle between him and SIR WILLIAM WALLER. The monument is erected as near as possible to the spot where this brave gentleman was killed: on the north side is the following inscription.

Conquest or death was all his thoughts, so fire
Either overcomes, or does itself expire;

His

His courage work'd like flames, cast heat about
Here, there, on this, on that side; none gave out;
Nor any pike in that renowned stand,
But took new force from his aspiring hand;
Soldier encourag'd soldier, man urged man,
And he urg'd all, so much example can;
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did call,
He was the mark, the butt, the aim of all;
His soul this while retired from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell.
But the devoted stand, enrag'd the more
From that his fate, ply'd hotter than before;
And proud to fall with him, sworn not to yield,
Each sought an honour'd grave and won the field;
Thus he being fallen, his actions fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd while the living flew.
Thus slain, thy valiant ancestor did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy;
When now encompass'd round the victor stood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conqu'ring blood;
'Till all the purple current dry'd and spent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where shall the next fam'd GRANVILLE's ashes stand?
Thy grandsire fills the sea and thou the land.

On

On the brave LORD HOWE.*

From B. MARTIN's *Miscellaneous Correspondence.*

Here lies a matchless hero's mortal part,
Untimely struck by death's relentless dart;
Wisdom and valour, virtue, honour, truth,
And ev'ry outward grace adorn'd the youth:
He for his country bravely dar'd to die,
His soul, too good for earth, would upwards fly,
We who remain behind his loss deplore,
The brave man envies him the death he bore;
May those who envy, imitate his ways,
And BRITISH SOLDIERS all deserve his praise.

In *Westminster Abbey*, near the door which opens into the Cloisters, is a handsome monument to his Lordship's memory, with the following inscription.

"The province of *Massachusett's Bay*, in *New England*, by an order of the great and general court, bearing date *February* 1st, 1759, caused this monu-

* Slain in America.

ment

ment to be erected to the memory of GEORGE AUGUSTUS LORD VISCOUNT HOWE, Brigadier General of his Majesty's Forces in AMERICA, who was slain on the sixth of *July*, 1758, on his march to TICONDERAGO; in the 34th year of his age; in testimony of the sense they had of the services and military virtues, and of the affection their officers and soldiers bore to his command.

"He lived respected and beloved, the public regretted his loss; to his family it is irreparable."

Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

To the memory of the Honorable ROBERT DIGBY, and his sister MARY, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great;
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear;
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind;
Go, live, for heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And

And thou! bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more;
Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known;
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one.

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And 'till we share your joys, forgive our grief;
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!*

POPE.

St. James, Clerkenwell.

THOMAS WAYTE, of *Kaythorpe*, Esq. Receiver for his Majesty in the Counties of *Warwick* and *Leicester*, 1642.

Hither no tears, but garlands bring,
To crown this good RECEIVER's dust;
Who gave account to God and king,
And lives rewarded with the just.

So to his faith and office both gave rest,
The king his quittance, God, quietus est.

* The monument was erected by their father LORD DIGBY.

St.

St. Mary's, York.

To the memory of a young maiden, who was accidentally drowned *December* 24, 1796.

By her Lover.

Nigh to the River Ouse in York's fair city,
Unto this pretty maid death shew'd no pity;
As soon as she'd her pail with water fill'd,
Came sudden death, and life like water spill'd.

Venice.

Joanni Magio,
Puero incomparabili,
Qui ob. imperitium obstetricis
Ex utero statim translatus
Est ad tumulum, Die 21 *Decemb.*
M.D.XXXII.

In

In English.

To the memory of
JOHN MAGHI,
An incomparable boy,
Who, thro' the unskilfulness of the Midwife,
On the 21st day of *December*, 1532,
Was translated from the womb to the tomb.

Stepney.

Here remains all that was mortal of MR. ROGER CRAB,* who entered into eternity the 11th day of *September*, 1680, in the 60th year of his age.

Tread gently, reader, near the dust
Committed to this tomb-stone's trust;
For while 'twas flesh, it held a guest,
With universal love possest;
A soul, that stemm'd opinion's tide,
Did over sects in triumph ride:
Yet separate from the giddy crowd,
And paths tradition had allow'd;

* Usually called the pilgrim, but on what account I have not been able to learn.

Thro'

Thro' good and ill reports he past,
Oft censur'd, yet approv'd at last;
Would'st thou his religion know,
In brief 'twas this—to all to do
Just as he would be done unto;
So in kind nature's laws he stood,
A temple undefil'd with blood,
A friend to every thing was good;
The rest—angels alone can fitly tell;
Haste then to them and him; and so farewell.

Stepney.

Here lies the body of CHRISTOPHER HENLEY, late of *Ratcliffe*, deceased *July* 2d, 1693.

C onceal'd from care, beneath this marble lies
H is sacred relicks, which again must rise;
R emote from human discords, unoppress'd,
I n their cold urn his peaceful ashes rest;
S natch'd into earth's dark bosom, free from all
T hose troubles which a mortal life befall;
O pious reader! know, his living just
P rocures his quiet slumbers in the dust;
H is virtuous deeds crown his unthinking clay,
E rect a monument without delay,
R aising his soul to everlasting day.

H is wife and children's grief their tears reveal,
E ach find their loss too weighty to conceal;
N o unjust act through his whole race we find,
L oving he liv'd and just to all mankind;
E asie he sleeps till heav'n shall raise his dust,
Y ielding his soul t' the mansions of the just.

Stepney.

MRS. MARY MELLASHIP died 1721, aged 21.

O cruel death, that snatch'd my love away,
And was resolv'd no longer for to stay.
Farewell, my dear, since thou art ever gone,
Therefore for thee I erect this stone;
And always on purpose to thy memory,
Will still remain thine, W. C.

Stepney.

Stepney.

On Mrs. Susanna Clack.

Doubtless for happiness we need not roam,
'Tis often found with little and at home;
That man whom God does with a good wife bless,
Tho' he has little, does this world possess.

Stepney.

Mary Angel, widow, died 29th *November*, 1693, aged 72.

To say an Angel here interr'd doth lye,
May be thought strange, for Angels never dye;
Indeed some fell from heav'n to hell,
Are lost and rise no more;
This only fell from death to earth,
Not lost, but gone before;
Her dust lodg'd here, her soul perfect in grace,
Amongst Saints and Angels now hath took its place.

Stepney.

Captain JOHN CHEVERS died *November* 18, 1675.

ANN CHEVERS, his wife, died *November* 14, 1675.

JOHN CHEVERS, their son, died *November* 13, 1675,
Aged 5 days.

Reader, consider well how poor a span,
And how uncertain is the life of man;
Here lie the husband, wife and child, by death,
All three in five days time depriv'd of breath;
The child dies first; the mother on the morrow
Follows; and then the father dies with sorrow;
A Cæsar falls by many wounds, well may
Two stabs at heart the stoutest captain slay.

Stepney.

ELIZABETH, the wife of JOHN CARLES, of this parish, cooper, died 4th *April*, 1696, aged 29 years.

She was modest, meek, and good indeed,
Courteous to all, helpful to those in need;
A careful mother, a most loving wife,
Calm was the end of this her well spent life;
Her body here in grave composed is,
Her soul now rests with Christ in endless bliss.

Stepney.

Here lyeth interred the body of Dame REBECCA BERRY, the wife of THOMAS ELTON, of STRATFORD LE BOW, Gent. who departed this life *April* 26, 1796, aged 52 years.

Come, Ladies, you that would appear
Like Angels fair, come, dress you here;
Come, dress you at this marble stone,
And make that humble grace your own,
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind
As e'er yet lodg'd in womankind:

So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife;
Free from all envious brawls and jars,
Of human life the civil wars.
These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.
Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her thro' ev'ry scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife;
Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years;
The same in low, in high estate,
Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.
Go, Ladies, now, and if you'd be
As fair, as great, as good as she,
Go learn of her humility.

Stepney.

D. O. M.

Here under was laid up the body of Sir THOMAS SPERT, Knight, some time Comtroler of the Navy to King HENRY VIII. and both the first founder and master of the worthy Society of the Corporation of TRINITY HOUSE. He lived enobled by his own

own worth, and died the 8th of *September*, 1541. To whose pious memory the said Corporation has gratefully erected this memorial.

Not that he needed monument of stone
For his well gotten fame to rest upon;
But this was rear'd to testify that he
Lives in their loves that yet surviving be;
For unto virtue, who first rais'd his name,
He left the preservation of the same;
And to posterity remain it shall,
When brass and marble monuments do fall.
Learn for to die while thou hast breath,
So shalt thou live after thy death.

Anno Do. 1622, by the Company of the TRINITY HOUSE this monument was erected 81 years after the decease of their Founder.

Stepney.

Mr. RICHARD WHEBLE, Mariner, died 4th *May*, 1694, aged 23.

Let not this world your thoughts betray,
But think upon your dying day.

Stepney.

Stepney.

SUSANNA ELL, the Wife of RICHARD ELL, died 17th *May*, 1643, aged 36 years.

To the pious memory of SUSAN ELL.

To say an ELL lies here, ev'n that alone
Were Epitaph enough; no brass, no stone,
No glorious tomb, no monumental herse,
No gilded trophy, or long-labor'd verse,
Can dignify her grave, or set it forth,
Like the immortal fame of her own worth.
Then, reader, fix not here, but quit this room,
And fly to ABRAHAM's bosom,—there's her tomb;
There rests her soul; and for her other parts,
They are embalm'd, and lodg'd in good men's hearts,
A braver monument of stone or lime
No art can raise, for this shall outlast time.

Stepney.

Stepney.

MARY, Wife of Captain MALACHI SIMONS, Mariner, died 29th *June*, 1677.

Rest thou, who's rest gives me a restless life,
Because I've lost a kind and virtuous wife;
I'll visit thee, and when I leave this light,
Come spend my time in the same cell at night.
'Till then farewell! farewell! I cannot take
A final leave until thy ashes wake.

Stepney.

Here lyeth the body of she who was SARAH HARTLAND,* died 4th *December*, 1696, in the 25th year of her age.

Whose heart, too tender for to bear
From nearest friends such calumnies,
Receiv'd a wound, and so she fell
To death a mournful sacrifice;

* She was wife of Mr. WM. WILKES, Goldsmith.

But

But did ascend in peace and joy
To Him who did her prayers hear,
And will, as in the noon-day light,
Her spotless innocence declare.

Stepney.

ALICE WILKES, daughter of WILLIAM and SARAH WILKES, died 25th *June*, 1698, aged 9 years.

Farewell, dear flow'r, no sooner came
Thy early piety to bloome,
But death hath cropp'd thy tender bud,
And laid thee in this mournful tomb,
With her who, like thee, lay so near the heart,
As made it even death itself to part:
With patience he the torment did endure,
But endless love defin'd another cure.
Think on't with joy, here but his body lies,
For WILKES is fled, and triumphs in the skies.

Stepney.

Captain JOHN DUNCH died 25th *November*, 1696, Aged 67.

Tho' BOREAS' blasts and NEPTUNE's waves
Have toss'd me to and fro,
In spight of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below.

Where I do now at anchor ride
With many of our fleet;
Yet once again I must set sail,
Our Admiral Christ to meet.

Stepney.

On JAMES BAYLY.

J nclosed lyes hid as sacred remains
A s e'er was bound by th' King of terrors chains.
M aster and chaplain's place he well did bear;
E ach threat'ning wave, astonish'd with his pray'r,
S hrunk in his head, when pious JAMES was there.

BAYLY

B AYLY on board, the baffled tempest flew
A s swift as morning sun exhales the dew;
Y onder he comes—his joyful men would cry,
L ower your topsail, see the master's by;
Y ou'd think when he was there some angel nigh.

God gave him leave to breathe his last on shore;
And what was lent him by th' Almighty Pow'r,
He safely did convey by trusty friend,
Who strictly did perform the donor's end;
And spread the bounty of his lib'ral hand
Amongst his poor relations; which command
Bought the deceas'd sure title to the promis'd land.

Born at LANDELPH, in the county of CORNWALL.

Stepney.

JOHN ARCHER, son of JOHN ARCHER, died *August* 16, 1681, aged 7 months.

Farewell, dear gift, since God will have it so,
'Tis sin to murmur at his will, we know:
He lies asleep within this bed,
Untill the resurrection of the dead.

Stepney.

Stepney.

JOYCE RICH died *August*, 1679, aged 74; also ELIZABETH WINTER, her daughter, who died in the Lord, *November* 9th, 1687, aged 47.

We two within this grave do lye,
Where we do rest together;
Until the Lord shall us awake,
And from the goats us sever.

Stepney.

MR. WILLIAM KNIGHT, mariner, born here *February*, 1570, died *November* 22d, 1636.

Mihi vivere Christus et mori Lucrum.

Cease labours, rest, ye seas of cares and fears,
Whose waves have toss'd me six and forty years;
And now go sleep, mine eyes, sleep here, till ye
Awake shall my Redeemer's glory see;
Sleep, till my happy soul rejoyned may
With recreated body live for aye.

Tandem Portum.

In the old Church and Church Yard of *St. Giles in the Fields.*

Interr'd the corps of Baron BIRCH lies here,
Of GRAY'S INNE, sometime by degree Esquire;
In Chequer eighteen year a judge he was,
Till soule from aged body his did passe,
Alive his wife ELIZA doth remaine,
Of STYDFOLKE stocke; one sonne, and daughters twaine,
She bore by him; the eldest in his life
He gave to THOMAS BOYER, for his wife;
His body sleeps till angels trump shall sound:
God grant we all may ready then be found.

JOANNES BIRCH, ob. A. D. 1581, *Maii* 30 Æt. 66.

St. Giles in the Fields.

Under this sad marble sleepes
Shee for whom e'en marble weepes;
Her praise lives still, tho' here she lies,
Seaming dead, that never dies;

Religion,

Religion, love, in suffering breast,
Her charity, mildness, and the rest,
Hath crown'd her soule; all mourne with fame,
Her husband's losse, and midwife's blame;
Shee died in childbed, seventy times blest and seven,
Her child and shee deliver'd both in heaven.

MARGARETTA THORNTON, obiit octavo die Januarii, A. D. 1611, æt. suæ 16.

Round the Margent.

Full south this stone four foot, doth lye
His father JOHN, and grandsire Henry,
THORNTON, of THORNTON, in *Yorkshire* bred,
Where lives the fame of THORNTON being dead.

St. Giles in the Fields.

From MARIE's teares, to MARIE's joy,
This MARIE is translated;
And after three score yeares annoy,
In heaven shee is instated.
With this shee chose the better part,
Never to be repented,
And held her Saviour in her heart;
Thus are her joys augmented.

This sought her Saviour at his tombe,
His feet with teares bedew'd ;
That bore our Saviour in her wombe,
Whereby our joye's renew'd.
Then, happy soule, thrice happy this,
Happily interested ;
In MARIE's teares, and MARIE's blisse,
Rest thou for ever blessed.

MARIE PILL obiit 1629.

Pancras.

Sacred

To the memory of Miss DOROTHEA DIAS DE FARIA, who was unfortunately drowned in the *fifth year* of her *age*.

Soft as the balm the gentlest gale distils,
Sweet as the fragrance of the new mown hills ;
Her op'ning mind a thousand charms reveal'd,
Proofs of those thousands which were yet conceal'd :
The loveliest flow'r in nature's garden plac'd,
Permitted just to bloom, then pluckt in haste ;
Angels beheld her ripe for joys to come,
And call'd by God's command their sister home.

Pancras.

Pancras.

ELIZABETH CARLETON, daughter of EDWARD CARLETON, who was Knight Harbinger to KING JAMES II. died *January* 19th, 1709, aged 25.

Had heav'n commission'd death to hold his hand,
And virtue could the force of fate withstand,
This beauteous virgin had been longer liv'd,
Nor we so soon of her rich worth depriv'd;
Her charming youth, her meekness, wit and sense,
Her charity, her truth, her innocence.
But ripe for God, her soul ascending flew,
And early bid this sinful world adieu.
Reader, make haste her graces to attain,
That thou in bliss may'st ever reign.

On MR. FOOTE.

Here lies one FOOTE, whose death may thousands save,
For death has now one FOOTE within the grave.

Chiswick Church Yard.

On a tomb erected to the memory of Dr. Rose.

Whoe'er thou art, with silent footsteps tread
The hallow'd mould where Rose reclines his head.
Ah! let not folly one kind tear deny,
But pensive pause, where truth and honour lie.
His the gay wit that fond attention drew,
Oft heard, and oft admir'd, yet ever new;
The heart that melted at another's grief;
The hand in secret that bestow'd relief;
Science untinctur'd with the pride of schools,
And native goodness free from formal rules.
With zeal thro' life he toil'd in learning's cause,
But more, fair virtue, to promote thy laws.
His ev'ry action sought the noblest end;
The tender husband, father, brother, friend!
Perhaps, e'en now, from yonder realm of day
To his lov'd relatives he sends a ray;
Pleas'd to behold affections like his own
With filial duty raise this votive stone!

Pancras Church Yard.

ROBERT WEST, of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, died *January* 13, 1794, aged 51.

Dissolv'd in earth, in sad remembrance end
The social ties of husband, father, friend;
Yet these surviv'd, shall truth preserve to fame
The chaste memorial of an honest name;
And to ages bear his worth approv'd,
Who died lamented, as he liv'd belov'd.

Beckenham, Kent.

MRS. MARY CLARKE, wife of DR. CLARKE, Physician, at *Epsom, Surry*, died 27th *April*, 1757.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell;
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there;

In

In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind;
Her infant image here below
Sits smiling on a father's woe;
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days;
A pang, to secret sorrow dear,
A sigh, an unavailing tear;
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

GRAY.

Pancras.

ANN BLUCK, of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, died 20th *July*, 1773, aged 39.

A virtuous, loving wife,
A tender parent,
A sincere and humane friend.

If virtue, piety, and love,
Can merit blessings that's above;
Here lieth one that craves a share
In her blest Redeemer there.

In

In Weston Church Yard.

Sacred to the memory of ROBERT RIMER, of the city of Bath, who departed this life *December* the 9th, 1787, in the 48th year of his age.

Some flaws in ev'ry character we find;
His faults were few, and of a gen'rous kind.
Censorious minds are often over-nice,
And, with ill-nature, call all pleasure vice.
Some faults and follies stain the brightest soul,
But love and charity still crown the whole.

Here lieth the body of REBECCA BROCK, a native of *Guernsey*, who, to the inexpressible grief of her relations and acquaintance, departed this life *August* the 14th, 1772, in the 15th year of her age.

Like flow'rs, that open with the morning sun,
And die away before one course is run,
So blow'd this flow'r, and promis'd much delight;
But, oh! she wither'd with the shades of night.
Transplanted now, behold, she ever shines
In better soil, and far more happy climes.

Over the figure of a Traveller in Hungerford Chapel.

Alasse, death, alasse! a blessful thing you were,
Yf thou wouldyst spare us in our lustynesse,
And cum to wretches that be soe of hevy chere,
When they ye clepe to slake there dystresse:
But owte alasse, thyne own sely selfwyldnesse
Crewelly werneth the pyt, seygh, wayle, and wepe,
To close there yen that after ye doth clepe.

Over the figure of a Skeleton.

Grastless galant, in all thy lustre and pryde,
Remember that thou schalte gyve due.
Death should fro thy body thy sowle devyde,
Thow mayst not him ascape certaynly.
To ye dede boidies cast down thyne eye,
Behold thayme well, considere, and see;
For such as they ar, such shalt yow be.

1459.

In

In *Durham Abbey* lies buried LUDOVICUS DE BELLO MONTE, Bishop of *Durham*, before the high altar in the quire, under a most curious and sumptuous marble stone, which he prepared for himself before he died; being adorned with most excellent workmanship of brass; whereon were engraved in brass such divine sayings of scripture, which he had selected for his spiritual consolation, at such time as it should please God to call him out of his mortality.

The inscription is in *Latin*; but as it will be more generally understood in *English*, the following is given from the account of *Durham Abbey*, published in 1767, at *Newcastle upon Tyne*.

Here lieth interred,
LEWIS DE BELLOMONTE, born in FRANCE,
And descended from an illustrious race of kings and counts.
He was bishop of this see, and is now happy in heaven.
Stop, traveller, and recollect how great a man he was;
How worthy of heaven, how just, pious and benign;
How hospitable and chearful, hating covetousness.

Above

Above his head.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he will raise me up at the last day to life eternal, and that in my flesh I shall see God, my Saviour.

Upon his breast.

My hope is in my heart:
Lord, have mercy upon me.

On the right hand.

May LEWIS be companion of the saints in heaven.

On the left hand.

I commend my soul to Christ, who redeemed it with his blood.

The following is written by LACKINGTON, the *Bookseller*, on himself; and he requests, in the publication of his life, that when he is gone to heaven (he observes he's not in haste), his friends will have it engraved on his tomb stone.

Good passenger, one moment stay,
And contemplate this heap of clay;

'Tis

'Tis LACKINGTON that claims a pause,
Who strove with death, but lost his cause:
A stranger genius ne'er need be,
Than many a merry year was he.
Some faults he had, some virtues too;
(The Devil himself should have his due;)
And as dame fortune's wheel turn'd round,
Whether at top or bottom found,
He never once forgot his station,
Nor e'er disown'd a poor relation;
In poverty he found content,
Riches ne'er made him insolent.
When poor, he'd rather read than eat;
When rich, books form'd his highest treat.
His first great wish, to act, with care,
The sev'ral parts assign'd him here;
And, as his heart to truth inclin'd,
He studied hard the truth to find.
Much pride he had,—'twas love of fame,
And slighted gold, to get a name;
But fame herself prov'd greatest gain,
For riches follow'd in her train.
Much had he read, and much had thought,
And yet, you see, he's come to nought;
Or *out of print*, as he would say,
To be *revis'd* some future day;
Free from *errata*, with *additions*,
A new and a complete edition.

Litchfield Cathedral.

LUCY GROVE,
Eldest Daughter of EDWARD SNEYD, Esq.
And Wife of WILLIAM GROVE, Esq. LL. D.
Late of *Coventry*, now of *Litchfield Close*,
Died 9th of *December*, M.DCC.LXXXVII.
In the fortieth year of her age,
And the twentieth of her marriage,
Leaving two sons and two daughters.

Grief, love and gratitude devote this stone
To her, whose virtues blest a husband's life,
When late in duty's sphere she mildly shone
As friend, as sister, daughter, mother, wife.

In the bright morn of beauty, joy and wealth,
Insidious palsy near his victim drew,
Dash'd from her youthful hands the cup of health,
And round her limbs his numbing fetters threw.

Year after year her christian firmness strove
To check the rising sigh, the tear repress,
Soothe with soft smiles the fears of anxious love,
And heav'n's correcting hand in silence bless.

Thus

Thus tried her faith, and thus prepar'd her heart,
The awful call at length th' Almighty gave:
She heard—resign'd to linger or depart,
Bow'd her meek head, and sunk into the grave.

In the Abbey Church, Bath.

In remembrance of
WILLIAM JEPHSON, Esq.
Serjeant at Law,
Who died 17th *May*, 1772, aged 38 years.

To him, who here with kindred ashes lies,
Fraternal love this tribute due supplies;
To him, whose years, amidst this vale of strife,
Fulfill'd the promise of an useful life;
Whose studious love, from selfish dross refin'd,
Still made the *law* the bulwark of mankind;
What tho' no consort weeps or children mourn,
O'er a lov'd husband's or a father's urn;
Yet many a widow, orphan, youth, and maid,
Whose helpless state confess'd his saving aid;
On this cold stone may drop the grateful tear,
And sighing cry,—behold your guardian here!

St. Andrew's, Holborn.

ELIZABETH ADE, late wife of JOHN ADE, of Doddington, in the County of *Kent*, Gent.

The world not worthy of her, she was translated to a better the 3d of *May*, 1619, and about the 32d year of her age. Leaving by her death a most unfortunate husband, three sons, and four daughters.

Whosoe'er thou art that passeth by,
Learn here to live, and here to die.

Strype's Edition of Stow's Survey.

On a Clergyman.

Lamented shade, if in the silent grave
The sound of human voice was ever heard;
Or if the gates of death fast barr'd not out
All lovely converse with our friends on earth;
How loudly would'st thou hear thy loss bewail'd;

How

How gently would the notes of well-earn'd praise
Soothe thy departed spirit, and cheer thy soul
With the sweet solace that reflection draws
From a long train of goodly, virtuous deeds,
That ran in quick succession on: till when
That awful despot of the human race
Stopp'd their career, and humbled to the dust
No trembling sinner, but a fearless mind,
Arm'd with the shield of conscious rectitude,
By all lamented, as by all rever'd.
And while I twine the mournful cypress wreath,
Wet with thy widow's and thy children's tears,
Around thy hallow'd bier, with filial care,
I mingle ivy flow'rs, that, while alive,
Bloom'd with such classic lustre on thy brow.
Ye flocks, whose great salvation was his pride,
Hither repair, and o'er your shepherd's tomb
Shed grateful tears of woe, for, in his death,
You've lost a sacred minister of truth,
Who taught you well, and what he taught believ'd.

St. Alban's, Wood Street.

Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,
Sine tombe, sine sheets, sine riches,
Qui vixit sine gowne,
Sine cloake, sine shirt, sine breeches.

In the Church at *Chichester*, in *Sussex*, is a handsome monument, erected to the memory of COLLINS the Poet, and the following Epitaph engraven thereon, written by MR. HAYLEY.

Ye, who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where COLLINS' hapless name
Solicits kindness with a double claim.
Tho' nature gave him, and tho' science taught
The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought,
Severely doom'd to penury's extreme,
He paus'd in madd'ning pain, life's fev'rish dream;
While rays of genius only serv'd to shew
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
Ye walls, that echo'd to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful stone;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise:
For this the ashes of a Bard require,
Who touch'd the tend'rest notes of pity's lyre;
Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic pow'rs;
Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the BOOK OF GOD the best. *

* Alluding to an expression of his in his last illness, "*I have but one book, but that is the best.*"

In

In the Chapel of *Ludgate* was hung a copper plate with the following Inscription.

Devout soules that passe this way,
For STEPHEN FOSTER, late Maior, heartily pray;
And Dame AGNES, his Spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pitie, this house made for *Londoners* in *Ludgate*,
So that for lodging and water, pris'ners here nought pay,
As their keepers shall all answer, at dreadful doomesday.

SIR STEPHEN FOSTER, it appears, considerably enlarged the prison of *Ludgate*, and contributed much to the care of poor debtors confined therein: he having been himself a prisoner, was by a certain rich widow interrogated what sum would discharge him? He replied TWENTY POUNDS; which she generously disburs'd: and taking him into her service, he, by an indefatigable application to business, gained the affection of his mistress to that degree that she made him her husband; and having greatly enriched himself by commerce, bethought himself of the place of his confinement, and having acquainted his Lady with his design, they both heartily set about so good a work. This was finished in 1454.

Pancras.

Pancras.

ELIZABETH, the Wife of MICHAEL BOURKE, Esq. died *September* 7, 1784, aged 74.

Oh! lost and mourn'd, admir'd, and lov'd thro' life,
Thou best of women, and thou faithful wife.
Farewell, 'tis mine thy virtues to deplore;
To linger here, and feel thy aid no more;
'Tis mine to wait 'till thy remains are led
To this blest tomb, where rests thy languid head;
Then shall thy husband (from that anguish free
Thy death has left him) rest in peace with thee.

Lambeth.

LOWRY ALEXANDER, died *March* 22, 1780, aged 52.

Delusive life, adieu, with all thy train
Of folly, labour, care, regret, and pain;
Existence but an animated clod;
Death sinks the frame, and mounts the soul to God.

Lambeth.

Lambeth.

Miss Susanna Weldon died *July* 21, 1781, aged 6 months and 3 days.

Happy the babe who, privileg'd by fate,
To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.

Lambeth.

Mr. William Browne died *April* 2, 1773, aged 59.

Thrice happy Saint, thou now canst tell,
What pleasures with thy Saviour dwell;
What joys are for the Saints in store
At God's right hand for evermore.

The following was written upon ANNE LITTLETON, wife of Edward Littleton, of the *Inner Temple*, Esq. who died the 6th of *February*, 1623, and was buried in the *Temple Church*.

Here she lies, whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name.
The rigid *Spartan*, that deny'd
An *Epitaph* to all that dy'd,
Unless for war or chastity,
Would here vouchsafe an elegy:
She dy'd a wife, but yet her mind
(Beyond virginity refin'd)
From lawless fire remain'd as free
As now from heat her ashes be;
Her husband (yet without a sin)
Was not a stranger, but her kin;
That her chaste love might seem none other
Unto a husband than a brother.
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,
Till it be call'd for let it rest;
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is but a cabinet.

Stow's Survey of London.

Allhallows,

Allhallows, Bread Street.

ROBERT HUDSON lyeth here,
In his time well known to all;
He lived well and died so,
When God from hence did him call.

St. Katharine, near the Tower, London.

Against the south wall hangeth a table for MARGARET GARRET, daughter of ROBERT GARRET, senior brother of this College,* and ANNE MUDD his wife. A virgin above those of her age, comely, tall, agreeable, proportioned in her limbs and body, amiable in the loveliness of her face. All those exterior were exceeded by her internal excellent parts, and the sweetness of her disposition; beloved and lamented by all.

* Being part of the old Hospital, dedicated to St. Katharine, and founded by Queen MATILDA, wife of KING STEPHEN, and again by ELEANOR, Queen to EDWARD I. and PHILLIPPA, Queen to EDWARD III.

This

This *jewel* (so her name signifieth) died the 25th of *November*, 1683, in the morning, being sixteen years and eight months old, and was born the 25th of *March*, 1667.

Dear was she living, but being dead more dear;
The grief of very many made this clear.
Thus we by *want* more than by *having* learn
The worth of things, in which we claim concern.

Maitland's Survey of London.

On MARY OF MODENA, Queen of JAMES II. and mother of the PRETENDER; buried in a convent in FRANCE.

Here BRITAIN's holy queen, in death retir'd,
Supports devotion which her life inspir'd;
Ye faithful train, to whom the charge is giv'n
To guard a queen might be the queen of heav'n,
Pursue her steps, till earth's great judge shall call;
Then heav'n will open and receive you all.
Reader, who art by Britain's ills undone,
Expect a good protector in her son.

On

On James II.

Bright is his diadem in heav'n's abode,
Who lost his crown rather than change his God;
While the perfidious wretch who stole the prize,
Pines in eternal dread of earth and skies.

The above two epitaphs were written by Alexander Robertson of Struan, who had been concerned in all the rebellions in Scotland, from the revolution to the year 1745. He is said to have been one of the most hardened Jacobites that ever lived: he died in 1748, in the 90th year of his age.

St. Bennet, Gracechurch Street.

Prey for the saulygs of Henry Donne, and Joan his wyf, theyr fadyrs, theyr modyrs, bredyrs, and good frendys, and of al christian saulygs: Jesu, have mercy, amen. Who departed this lyf 1491.

Translation of a Latin Epitaph, written on RICHARD NASH, Esq. late of BATH.

Here lies interred RICHARD NASH, Esq.
If you should be a stranger to his fame,
Go, reader, at yon hospital enquire,
And ask the sick, the leper, and the lame.

If you still further would his merit know,
The growing splendor of the BATH survey;
How much to him these streams salubrious owe,
Let these fam'd streams and new built fabrics say.

This man of BATH extinct, lament, ye fair,
He gave to your assemblies decent grace;
He form'd your conduct with a friendly care,
A zealous guardian to the female race.

He scorn'd to hoard his treasure while the poor
Want comforts; to be rich he never strove;
By giving to the poor his earthly store,
He laid up brighter store in heav'n above.

Immortal treasure that can never fail,
Which neither time can waste, nor thieves can steal.

From B. Martin's Miscell. Corres. 1761.

Norwich

Norwich Cathedral.

Here lies the body of honest TOM PAGE,
Who died in the 33d year of his age.

The LADY ELIZABETH, second wife to THOMAS DUKE of NORFOLK, died on the 30th of *November*, but in what year is not mentioned (but supposed to be about 1558), and lies buried in *Howard's Chapel at Lambeth*, where on a table is the following inscription.

Good *Duchesse of Norfolke*,
The Lord have mercy upon the;
Who died at *Lambeth*
The last of *November*.

Farewell, good lady, and sister deare,
In earth we shall never meet heare;
But yet I trust, with God is grace,
In heaven we shall deserve a place;
Yet thy kindnesse shall never depart
During my life out of my heart:
Thou was to me both far and neare,
A mother, a sister, a friend most deare,

And to all thy friends most sure and fast,
When fortune had sounded his froward blast:
And to the poore a very mother,
More than was known to any other;
Which is thy treasure now at this day,
And for thy soule they heartily pray;
So shall I doe that here remayne;
God thy soul preserve from payne.

By thy most bounded Brother,
HENRY LORD STAFFORD.

Aubrey's Survey, vol. v. p. 236.

She was the daughter of EDWARD STAFFORD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, who was beheaded the 17th of *May*, 1521.

On DR. BUTLER, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Beneath this marble BUTLER lies entomb'd,
Who with a soul inflam'd by love divine,*
His life in presence of his GOD consum'd,
Like the bright lamps before the holy shrine.†

* See his Sermon on the Love of God.
† Leviticus, xxiv.

His

His aspect pleasing, mild, with learning fraught,
His eloquence was like a chain of gold,
That the wild passions of mankind controul'd;
Merit where ever to be found he sought.

Desire of transient riches he had none;
These he with bounteous hand did well dispense;
Bent to fulfil the ends of Providence,
His heart still fix'd on an immortal crown.

His heart a mirror was of purest kind,
Where the bright image of his Maker shin'd;
Reflecting faithful to the throne above
Th' irradiant glories of the mystic dove.

London Magazine, 1754.

Fairford, in Gloucestershire.

Sacred to the memory of JOHN TAME, Esq. founder of this Church, who died 1500.

For Jesu's love, pray for me,
I may not pray, now pray ye,
With a paternoster and an ave,
That my sins released may be.

Imitated from the French Epitaph on MADAME DE FONTANGES, Mistress of the KING OF FRANCE.

Ye fair, whom love or whom ambition fires,
Approach this tomb, and check those vain desires;
Ah! let the hapless fate of her, who here
Perhaps may claim the tribute of a tear,
Deter th' unwary; hence, ye envious, see
How vain the pomp of courts, and pity me.

Dazzled by grandeur, and misled by show,
I trod the paths that lead to guilt and woe;
A king's gay, gawdy victim I became,
And, rais'd to titles, they but told my shame.

May the Almighty, in his mercy, save
A wretch who came repentant to the grave;
And be this truth on ev'ry mind imprest,
No real transport fires the guilty breast;
Imperfect are the pleasures, transient all,
And from their greatest height most dreadful is the fall.

On WILLIAM BUNBURY, of *Hadleigh*, in *Suffolk*, Esq. who died the 12th of *September*, 1748.

Here lies the man, whom gen'rous nature bless'd
With all the charms that ever man possess'd;
To those were join'd, what study could dispense,
Learning, and all th' accomplishments of sense;
Wit, judgment, candour, virtue here combine
To solemnize and hallow this sad shrine;
But vain is grief, for nature's equal laws
Require effects should follow from their cause:
Mortals, when once above their rank they rise,
Must leave this world, and settle in the skies.

St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield.

Sacred to the memory of that worthy and learned FRANCIS ANTHONY, Doctor in Physick.

There needs no verse to beautifye thy praise,
Or keep in memory thy spotless name;
Religion, virtue, and thy skill did raise
A threefold pillar to thy lasting fame.

Though

Though poysonous envy ever sought to blame,
Or hide the fruits of thy intention;
Yet shall they all commend that high designe
Of purest gold to make a medicine,
That feele thy helpe by that thy rare invention.

He died the 26th of *May*, 1623, his age 74; his loving sonne, JOHN ANTHONY, Doctor in Physicke, left this remembrance of his sorrow.

St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield.

Hic in humatum succubat, quantum terrestre viri vere venerandi EDWARDI COOKE, Philosophi apprimè docti, necnon medici spectatissimi, qui tertio idus *Augusti*, anno 1652, anno ætatis 39. Certa resurgenda spe (uti necesse) naturæ concessit.

Unsluce your briny flood; what, can you keep
Your eyes from tears, and see the marble weep?
Burst out, for shame; or if you find no vent
For tears, yet stay, and see the stones relent.

Some

Some years since, a Mr. DICKSON, who was provost of Dundee in Scotland, died, and by will left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph upon him; which sum he directed the three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, which run as follows:

1st. Here lies DICKSON, provost of *Dundee:*
2d. Here lies DICKSON, here lies he.

The third was put to it for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawls

Hallelujah, halleluje.

St. Bennet's, Gracechurch.

Here lyeth *James Bunce*, Esq. who departed this life the 26th of January, Anno 1631, and *Mary* his wife, who died the 2d of October, 1612.

When death cuts off a branch from earth's worne stem,
Faith, hope transports the soul to heav'n's diadem.

Strype's Edition of Stow's Survey.

Tower Church.

Mr. John Bristow, who died *November* 30, 1718.

How soon, alas! for in his early bloom,
In prime of life, he meets an earthly tomb;
As by the number of his days appears,
Which reached but just one and twenty years:
O! where's that stubborn soul that can forbear,
Hearing this loss, and not let fall a tear?

South

South Isle.

A family of the name of WHITACRE, lye buried under a stone with the following inscription.

See how the just, the virtuous, and the strong,
The beautiful, the innocent, the young,
Here in promiscuous dust together lie:
Reflect on this, depart, and learn to die.

The last person mentioned on the stone dyed of the bite of a mad dog.

Worcester Cathedral.

Here lyeth buried Prince ARTHURE, the first begotten son of the righte renowned Kinge HENRY the Seventhe, which noble Prynce departed out of this transitori lyfe in the castle of *Ludlowe*, in the seventeenth yere of his father's raygne, and in the yere of our Lorde God, on thousand five hundred and two.

Newington

Newington Butts, Surry.

MRS. ROCKEY SQUIRE, wife of MR. ALLFAIRS SQUIRE, died 22d *November*, 1760, aged 60.

Amidst the errors which in life we see,
(For who that 's human, is from error free?)
When kind compassion in the bosom dwells,
To soften sorrow which another feels;
To help the orphan, stop the widow's sighs,
And wipe the tears of want from streaming eyes;
Such christian virtue many faults conceals,
Procures the joys which sacred writ reveals:
These were her acts, whose loss we here deplore,
The means she us'd to open mercy's door.

Newington Butts, Surry.

PATIENCE CHURCHILL died *September* 29, 1768, Aged 26.

If, by the course of time, we from her birth
Compute how long she suffer'd here on earth;

Short

Short was her date, she wither'd in her pride,
The flow'r scarce op'ned ere it droop'd and dy'd;
But if we measure by a juster rule,
The height she reach'd in virtue's sacred school,
Far longer was her span;—none then appears
So grac'd by time, so reverenc'd with years.

Newington Butts, Surry.

MRS. ELIZABETH BRASSCUP died *June* 11th, 1791, aged 64.

To name her virtues ill befits my grief,
What was my bliss, can now give no relief;
A husband mourns,—the rest let friendship tell;
Fame spread her worth,—a husband knew it well.

Stanton Harcourt.

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
An industrious young man, and virtuous maiden,
Of this parish;
Who being at harvest work
(With several others)

Were in one instant *kill'd by lightning*
The last day of *July*, 1718.

The following Epitaph was written by Mr. POPE, at the request of Lord HARCOURT, who placed the stone over them.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure, heav'n saw, well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in cælestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late—
Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

For the particulars of the above, see POPE's Works, vol. vi. p. 9.

Westham,

Westham, Essex.

MR. CHARLES CARR died *December* 18th, 1782, Aged 62.

I've mock'd the storm,
Out-rid the wave,
And found the harbour in the grave;
With joy forsook this earthly clod,
And flew into the arms of God.

At Stanton Harcourt, Oxon.

On the Honourable SIMON HARCOURT, only son of the LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT, who died 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak,
If POPE must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak;
Oh let thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own.

POPE.

St. James's, Clerkenwell.

MRS. BETTY WHITEHEAD died *November* 18th, 1789, aged 27.

O cruel death, who would not be deny'd,
Did part true love that was so lately ty'd:
None must suppose they can repent too soon,
For I found it night before I thought it noon.

Also three of her children.

The great JEHOVAH from above
His messenger did send,
To call my little harmless doves
To joys that never end.

St. James's, Clerkenwell.

MRS. MARIA WAKE died *December* 15th, 1785, on the 21st day after her delivery of her 1st child, aged 23 years 4 months.

Lament not o'er departed worth,
Nor weep when dearest friends are blest;
When their frail body's in the earth,
Their souls are in eternal rest.

For dear MARIA let's not sigh,
But to her infant turn our care;
That he in future may on high
Among the Saints with her appear.

For children like the osiers bend,
And as they first are fashion'd grow;
To virtue make him soon attend,
That he its charms and worth may know.

On Mr. John Beard, late of Covent Garden Theatre.

Supposed to be written by Mr. Hull.*

Satire, be dumb! nor dream the scenic art
Must spoil the morals and corrupt the heart.

Here lies John Beard:
Confess with pensive pause,
His modesty was great as our applause.
Whence had that voice such magic to controul?
'Twas but the echo of a well-tun'd soul:
Thro' life, his morals and his music ran
In symphony, and spoke the virtuous man.

Go, gentle harmonist, our hopes approve,
To meet, and hear thy sacred songs above;
When taught by thee, the stage of life well trod,
We rise to raptures round the throne of God.

Ob. *February* 5, 1791, Ætatis suæ, 75.

* More generally by Dr. Cousens, rector of *St. Gregory, Old Fish Street.*

Here lieth THOMAS TOMKINSON,
Late of SLADE-HOUSE,
Who died *February* 13, 1760.

His knowledge was great,
Deep things to relate;
Unto the whole world you shall tell,
There is few to be found
Upon ENGLISH ground
Brave TOMKINSON can parallel.

Epitaphe de ROBESPIERRE.

Passant, ne pleure pas mon sort,
Si je vivais, tu serais mort.

In English.

Passenger, weep not at my fate,
For were I LIVING, thou wouldst soon be dead.*

* In allusion to his infamous conduct.

St. Luke's, Chelsea.

Sacred to Posterity.

In a vault near this place, lies the body of
ANNE, the only daughter of
EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE, LL. D.
Born in LONDON, *January* 20, 1667,
Who,
For a considerable time, declined the matrimonial state,
And scheming many things
Superior to her sex and age,
On the 30th of *June*, 1690,
And under the command of her brother,
With the arms and in the dress of a man,
She approved herself a true VIRAGO,
By fighting undaunted in a fire ship against the FRENCH,
Upwards of six hours.
She might have given us a race of Heroes,
Had not premature fate interposed.
She returned safe from that naval engagement,
And was married, in some months after, to
JOHN SPRAGGE, Esq.
With whom she lived half a year extremely happy,

But

But being delivered of a daughter, she died
A few days after,
October 30, 1692.

This monument, to his most dear and affectionate wife, was erected by her most disconsolate husband.

Composed by a *Gentleman for himself.*

Farewell, vain world! I've seen enough of thee,
And now am careless what thou say'st of me;
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My cares are past, my head lies quiet here:
What faults you saw in me take care to shun,
And look at home—enough there's to be done;
Where'er I liv'd or dy'd, it matters not,
To whom related or by whom begot:
I was, now am not; ask no more of me,
'Tis all I am, and all that you shall be.

In the Church of St. Catharine, at Gosfield, in Essex, is a superb monument to the memory of a family of the name of Knight, enclosed in a large wainscot case, that opens by two folding doors. The full length effigies of the persons to whose memory it was erected, are curiously wrought in marble, and over their heads the following inscription.

O fairest pattern to a falling age,
Whose public virtue knew no party rage;
Whose private name all titles recommend,—
The pious son, fond husband, faithful friend.
In manners plain, in sense alone refin'd,
Good without shew, and without weakness kind.
To reason's equal dictate ever true,
Calm to resolve, and constant to pursue.
In life with ev'ry social grace adorn'd,
In death, by friendship, honor, virtue mourn'd.

St. Peter's, at *St. Alban's*.

In the yere of Christ, one thousand fowr
Hundred, full trew,
With fowr and sixteen,

I Richard

I Richard Skypwith, gentylman in birth,
Late fellow of New Inne;
In my age twenti-on, my sowl party'd from
The body in *August*
The sixteenth day,
And now I lye her, abiding God's mercy,
Under this ston in clay;
Desyring yow that this sal see, unto the
Maiden pray for me;
Yat bare both God and man,
Like as ye wold, that order for yee shold
When ye ne may nor can.

London Magazine, May, 1757.

Clerkenwell.

Mr. Joseph Astill died *Jan.* 12, 1795, aged 50.

Earth is now laid to earth,
And dust to dust,
Earth opens its mouth,
And be fill'd it must.
This is the lot of all,
There are none can flee;
Earth is not full,
There's room yet left for thee.

See Epitaph on Florens Caldwell, Ludgate.

On

On *Mrs. Sarah Mence*,
Who died in 1763, aged 75.

Peace to the ashes, and the virtuous mind,
Of *her* who liv'd in peace with all mankind;
Humbly religious, silently sincere,
Humane to others, to herself severe;
Learn'd from the heart, unknowing of disguise,
Truth in her thoughts, and candour in her eyes;
Who sacrific'd no faith to private ends,
Without *reserve* devoted to her friends;
Stranger alike to envy and to pride,
Good sense her light, the word of God her guide;
She gave to piety her early days,
And breath'd in dying hours her Maker's praise.
Happy, who thus the soul to heav'n engage,
Their youth's first choice, their last desire in age.

Camberwell.

Camberwell.

At the South East end of this Church Yard is a very neat monument.

To the memory of
MARY VOGUELL,
Wife of HENRY VOGUELL, Esq.
Who died 28th of *February*, 1775, aged 28 years.

Say then, did bounteous heav'n dispense
Such beauty, wit, and social sense,
To meet an early doom?
How soon the purest soul is fled
To join the visionary dead,
And share the silent tomb.

Fond man, thy vain complaints give o'er,
Frail as the blossom of an hour,
Thy shadowy term is giv'n;
Yet God his fav'rite vot'ry knows,
Contracts the span replete with woes,
And calls the saint to heav'n.

On COLEMAN, a plotting papist, in the Reign of CHARLES the 2d.

If heav'n be pleas'd, when sinners cease to sin;
If hell be pleas'd, when sinners enter in;
If earth be pleas'd, when ridded of a knave;
Then all are pleas'd—for COLEMAN's in his grave.

On a Miser.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
DEMAR,* the wealthy, and the wise:
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other half, his money lay;
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

DEAN SWIFT.

* DEMAR was the real name of a usurer at DUBLIN, who died *July* 6th, 1720.

On

On a WELCHMAN killed by a fall from his horse.

Here lies interr'd, beneath these stones,
DAVID ap MORGAN, ap SHENKIN, ap JONES;
Hur was born in WALES, hur travell'd in FRANCE,
Hur went to heav'n by a bad mischance.

Lowestoft, Suffolk.

In memoriam JOHANNIS WILDE,
10 Die *Augusti*, Anno Dom. 1644.

The cropp full ripe appears
To stoope to the earth;
And from its fruitfull eares,
A numerous birth
Unto the reapers reares.
Thos weare his labours prosperously shid,
Wich weare to some a being, to many bread;
And heere his living stock is, thou'g hee's dead.
'Tis true, hee's sow'd agen,
But not for men;
His soule is gone,
And to her rest is flowne.

But when they meet;
And that the knotted shecke
Shall be untyed
By his triumphant bryde,
His dust shall curdle into flesh and bone,
And sleight the tomb stone.
Thus met, thus joyn'd, thus both with innocence drest,
They'le passe to th' ever living, ever blest,
Till when his ashes heere must rest.

GILLINGWATER's History of *Lowestoft*.

Lambeth Church Yard.

Near this place are the remains of
WILLIAM BACON,
Of the *Salt Office*, *London*, Gent.
Who was killed by thunder and lightning,
At his window, *July* 12, 1787,
Aged 34 years.

By touch ætherial in a moment slain,
He felt the pow'r of death, but not the pain.
Swift as the lightning glanc'd, his spirit flew,
And bid this rough, tempestuous world adieu.
Short was his passage to that peaceful shore,
Where storms annoy, and dangers threat no more.

On a Tomb Stone,
In the Burying Ground in the CITY ROAD.

To the memory of
The venerable JOHN WESLEY, A. M.
Late Fellow of LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

This great light arose,
By the singular providence of God,
To enlighten these nations,
And to revive, enforce, and defend
The pure apostolical doctrine and practice of
The primitive church,
Which he continued to defend, both by his
Labours and his writings,
For more than half a century;
And who, to his inexpressible joy,
Not only beheld their influence extending,
And their efficacy witnessed,
In the hearts and lives of many thousands,
As well in the WESTERN WORLD, as in these
kingdoms,
But also, far above all human power or expectation,
Lived to see provision made by the singular
Grace of God,

For their continuance and establishment,
To the joy of future generations.
Reader, if thou art constrained to bless the
Instrument,
Give God the glory.
After having languished a few days,
He at length finished
His course and his life together,
Gloriously triumphing over death,
March 2d, Anno Domini 1791,
In the 88th year of his age.

Intended for WILLIAM COYFE, of *Kent*, who died in *March*, 1756, aged 23.

Here rests from all the cares of fleeting life,
A youth whose early worth our praises claim;
His humane bosom was unknown to strife,
And all his actions brought increase of fame.

Thro' habit virtuous, and from reason just,
When round his heart death's gloomy terrors play'd;
He did not after life's allurements lust,
But meekly smiling, heav'n's decree obey'd.

Whene'er

Whene'er his friends shall view this darksome grave;
Whene'er upon his virtues they reflect;
The mourning tear will fall, the heartfelt sigh will heave;
By tender passions all their soul be deckt.

Claybrook, Leicestershire.

To the memory of
CHARLES JENNER, Clerk, A. M.
Vicar of this parish,
Who died *May* 11th, 1774, aged 38.

Here in earth's cold bosom lies entomb'd
A man, whose sense, by ev'ry virtue grac'd,
Made each harmonious muse obey his lyre:
Nor shall th' erasing mind of pow'rful *time*
Obliterate his name, dear to each tuneful breast,
And dearer still to soft humanity;
For oft the sympathetic tear would start
Unbidden from his eye: another's woe
He read, and felt it as his own.

Reader,

Reader,
It is not flattery or pride that rais'd
To his remains this modest stone; nor yet
Did partial fondness trace these humble lines;
But weeping friendship, taught by truth alone
To give, if possible, in future days,
A faint idea to the race to come,
That here reposeth all the mortal part
Of one, who only liv'd to make his friends
And all the world regret he e'er should die.

E. C. 1775.

LADY CRAVEN.

At *Bury St. Edmund's*, during a violent storm of thunder and lightning, a young woman was struck dead by a fire-ball which fell in the house, and slightly hurt her mother, MARY SINGLETON.

The following epitaph to her memory is extracted from the BURY POST.

Here lies interred the body of
MARY SINGLETON,
A young maiden of this parish,
Aged 9 years;

Born

Born of Roman Catholic parents,
And virtuously brought up;
Who, being in the act of prayer,
Repeating her vespers,
Was instantaneously killed by a flash of lightning,
August 16, 1785.

Not SILOAM's ruinous tow'r the victims slew,
Because above the many sinn'd the few:
Nor here the fated lightning wreak'd his rage,
By vengeance sent for crimes matur'd by age;
For whilst the thunder's awful voice was heard,
The little suppliant, with its hands uprear'd,
Address'd her God in pray'rs the priest had taught;
His mercy crav'd, and his protection sought.

Learn, reader, hence, that wisdom to adore,
Thou canst not scan; and fear his boundless pow'r.
Safe shalt thou be, if thou perform'st his will;
Blest if he spares, and more blest should he kill!

A Scotch

A Scotch Epitaph.

Here fast asleep lies SAUNDERS SCOTT,
Long may he snort and snore;
His bains are now in GORMAN's pot,
That us'd to strut the streets before.

He liv'd a lude and tastrel life,
For gude he nae regarded;
His perjur'd clack rais'd mickle strife,
For whilk belike he'll be rewarded.

Ill-temper'd loon! that us'd to snort
When ilk his neighbours fell in trouble;
His gybes do now lie in the dirt,
To satisfy his brethren double.

The bread of life was offer'd him
For to abate his evil;
But he refus'd, and sae he's dead;
Wha kens but now he's wi' the devil?

But syne he's gane, I'll say nae mair—
In ABRAM's bosom may he waken;
But gin he meet with sic gude fare,
There's mair than ane will be mistaken.

On

On Charles Earl of Dorset,
In the Church of Withyam, in Sussex.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd:
The scourge of pride, tho' sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As shew'd vice had his hate, and pity too.
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep such friendships and his ease.
Bless'd peer! his great forefather's ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

Pope.

Lo!

Lo! where a mother seeks repose,
And close by her dear infants lies,
Waiting the hour that shall disclose
Them once more to her ravish'd eyes.

Wretched, in all youth's gaudy bloom,
She saw those little babes expire;
Then quick pursued them to the tomb,
Dear objects of her soul's desire.

Bereav'd, sweet innocents, of you,
How low she droop'd—how soon she died!
Was e'er maternal love more true,
Or more, alas! severely try'd?

Hence let the tributary tear
Stream from each eye, that reads this verse;
And oh! ye tender mothers, here
In sighs your sympathy rehearse.

In *Christ Church*, is a handsome marble cenotaph in honour of the late Rev. JOSEPH TRAPP, D. D.

To the memory of the Reverend and learned JOSEPH TRAPP, D. D. who died *November* 22, 1747, aged 67; and was buried in the church of HARLINGTON in MIDDLESEX, of which he was also Rector.

In grateful acknowledgement of the benefits received by the ministry of so excellent a preacher, and so valuable a friend, several of his hearers have at their own expence erected this monument.

And beneath, the following Epitaph, written by himself.

Death! judgment! heaven! hell! think, christian think,
You stand on vast eternity's dread brink;
Faith and repentance, piety and prayer,
Despise this world, the next be all your care.
Thus while my tomb the solemn silence breaks,
And to the eye this cold, dumb marble speaks;
Though dead, I preach; if e'er with ill success,
Living I strove th' important truth to press,
Your precious, your immortal souls to save,
Hear me at least, oh! hear me from the grave.

On an Infant.

Beneath this hillock's narrow bound
A lovely infant lies;
'Till the last trump shall shake the ground,
And roll away the skies.

Some pitying angel view'd the fair,
In innocence array'd,
And snatch'd her from each future snare,
The world and guilt had laid.

From all the chequer'd ills below
MARY secure shall sleep;
Her little heart no pang shall know;
Her eyes no more shall weep.

When thousands, rising from the dust,
Shall tremble as they rise,
This smiling saint, without distrust,
Shall upwards lift her eyes.

Let sorrow for her early doom
No more in silence sigh;
But Hope, that points beyond the tomb,
Bid ev'ry tear be dry.

In

In the year 1746, was found, at *Litchfield* in *Staffordshire*, a grave stone, about six feet under the surface, with a cross of FLEUR DE LIS, standing on four steps, out in the middle, and round the edges the following monkish verses. There was no date; but a coffin with bones in it, lay immediately under the stone. It was in old English letter, and very legible.

Epitaph.

RICARDUS MERCATOR victus morte noverca,
Qui cepat mercari, pausat in hâc ieriarca;
Extulit Ephebus paucis vivendo diebus
Ecclesiam rebus, sic et variis speciebus.
Vivat et Cælis nunc Mercator MICHAELIS.

They were copied from the stone by a Physician, DR. W—s, and by him thus translated.

Subdued by death, his step-mother, here lies
DICK MERCHANT, stript of all his merchandize.
Young tho' he died, the church he ne'er forgot;
Gave lands and houses, pictures, and what not.
Now may he live in heaven, and there be
ST. MICHAEL'S merchant to eternity.

On the death of a Servant, who, after he had left his place, officiated as Master of a Sunday School.

A servant honest, and a master just,
A parent tender, and a husband kind,
Here mould'ring mingles with his native dust,
His trembling soul to heav'n's behest consign'd.

To him, whose ravens could the prophet feed,
With fervent zeal he breath'd his latest pray'r;
For those, he left in poverty and need,
He ask'd his pity, and implor'd his care.

May He propitious hear that fond request,
Without whose will not e'en the sparrows fall;
And in this grave these meaner ashes rest,
Till the last sentence be pronounc'd on all.

On ADMIRAL VERNON, in *Westminster Abbey.*

On a memorial of his own gratitude,
And of the virtues of his benefactor,
This monument was erected by his nephew,
FRANCIS LORD ORWELL,
In the year
1763.

Sacred to the memory
Of
EDWARD VERNON,
Admiral of the White Squadron
Of the British Fleet.
He was the second son of JAMES VERNON,
Who was secretary of state to King WILLIAM III.
And whose abilities and integrity
Were equally conspicuous.
In his youth
He served under the Admirals SHOVEL and ROOKE:
By their example he learned to conquer,
By his own merit he rose to command.
In the war with SPAIN of M.DCC.XXXIX.
He took the fort of PORTO BELLO
With six ships,
A force which was thought unequal to the attempt.

For this he received
The thanks of both houses of parliament.
He subdued Chagre, and at Carthagena
Conquered as far as naval force
Could carry victory.
After these services he retired,
Without place or title,
From the exercise of public
To the enjoyment of private
Virtue.
The testimony of a good conscience
Was his reward;
The love and esteem of all good men
His glory.
In battle, tho' calm, he was active,
And tho' intrepid, prudent;
Successful, yet not ostentatious,
Ascribing the glory
To God.
In the senate he was disinterested, vigilant and steady.
On the xxx. day of *October*, M.DCC.LVII.
He died as he had lived,
The friend of man, the lover of his country,
The father of the poor,
Aged LXXIII.

In the east walk of the *Cloisters* at this Abbey is a handsome monument with the following elegant Inscription.

Reader,
If thou art a Briton,
Behold this tomb with reverence and regret:
Here lie the remains of
DANIEL PULTENEY,
The kindest relation, the truest friend,
The warmest patriot, the worthiest man:
He exercised virtue in this age,
Sufficient to have distinguished him even in the best.
Sagacious by nature,
Industrious by habit,
Inquisitive with art,
He gain'd a complete knowledge of the state of
BRITAIN,
Foreign and domestic,
In most the backward fruits of tedious experience,
In him the early acquisition of undissipated youth.
He served the court several years:
Abroad, in the auspicious reign of QUEEN ANNE,
At home, in the reign of that excellent prince
GEORGE I.
He served his country always;

At

At court independant,
In the senate unbiassed:
At every age and in every station,
This was the bent of his generous soul,
This was the business of his laborious life.
Public men, and public things,
He judged by one constant standard,
The true interest of BRITAIN:
He made no other distinction of party;
He abhorred all other.
Gentle, humane, disinterested, beneficent,
He created no enemies on his own account:
Firm, determined, inflexible,
He feared none he could create in the cause of BRITAIN.
Reader,
In this misfortune of thy country, lament thy own.
For know,
The loss of so much private worth,
Is a public calamity.

There is no mention made on the monument of his age or the time of his death.

Near

Near the *Cloister Gates*, westward of this Abbey, is a monument of black and white marble, for SIR LUMLEY ROBINSON, with the epitaph thus translated.

Near this
Lies buried the mortal part of
SIR LUMLEY ROBINSON, Baronet,
Of KENTWELL HALL, in the county of SUFFOLK.
For his integrity of life,
Useful learning,
And untimely death,
Esteem'd by all that knew him,
And who, but that he sleeps in Christ, would long
Lament him.
He died the 6th of *August*, 1684, aged 36.

ANN, heir of JOHN LAWRENCE, Esq.
By whom he had ANNE and THOMAS, now
Surviving, hath, to the best of husbands,
Erected this monument.

Westminster Abbey Cloisters.

Here lyeth the body of GEORGE VIRTUE, late engraver and fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, who was born in LONDON, anno 1684, and departed this life 24th of *July*, 1756.

With manners gentle, and a grateful heart,
And all the genius of the graphic art,
His fame shall each succeeding artist own,
Longer by far than monuments of stone.

In *St. Paul's Chapel, Westminster Abbey,*
Is a
Monument erected to the memory
Of
JOHN PUCKERING, Knight, and
Lord Chancellor,
In the reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Over

Over his effigy is a Latin inscription, thus Englished.

The public care and laws engag'd my breast,
To live was toilsome, but to die is rest;
Wealth, maces, guards, crowns, titles, things that fade,
The prey of time and sable death are made.

VIRTUE INSPIRES MEN.

His wife this statue rears to her lov'd spouse,
The test of constancy and marriage vows.

I trust I shall see the Lord in the land of the living.

Near the Chapel of *St. Benedict*,
In *Westminster Abbey*,
Is a monument erected to the
Memory of
MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.
A memorable poet of his age, who
Exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory,
Anno 1631.

The

The inscription is as follows:

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know,
What they, and what their children owe
To DRAYTON's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust;
Protect his mem'ry and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name;
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

On a small square black tablet in the Cloisters is the following.

With diligence and trust most exemplary,
Did WILLIAM LAWRENCE serve a prebendary;
And for his paines now past before not lost,
Gain'd this remembrance at his master's cost;
O read these lines again, and you will find
A servant faithful and a master kind;
Short hand he wrote; his flow'r in prime did fade,
And hasty *Death short hand* of him hath made;

Well

Well covth he nūbers and well measure land,
Thus doth he now that grov'd whereon you stand,
Wherein he lies. So geometrical,
Art maketh some, but thus will nature all.

Obiit *December* 28th, 1621,
Ætatis suæ 29.

In *St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey*, is an elegant monument of white marble, representing a youth in Grecian armour, sitting on a Greek altar, and erected, as the Latin inscription sets forth, to the memory of FRANCIS HOLLIS, by JOHN, Earl of CLARE, his afflicted father. This brave youth returning from a campaign in FLANDERS, died on the 12th of *August*, 1622, in the 19th year of his age.

The Epitaph on the monument as follows.

Whate'er thou hast of nature or of arts,
Youth, beauty, strength, or what excelling parts
Of mind and body, letters, arms and worth,
His eighteen years beyond his years brought forth.
Then stand, and read thyself within this glass,
How soon these perish, and thyself may pass;
Man's life is measur'd by the work, not days,
Not aged sloth, but active youth hath praise.

In the same chapel is a superb monument, composed of marble and alabaster, of various colours, curiously stained, erected to the memory of JOHN LORD RUSSEL (son and heir to *Francis*, Earl of *Bedford*), and his son FRANCIS, by *Elizabeth*, daughter of *Sir Anthony Cook*, and widow of *Sir Thomas Hoby*, Knight.

He is represented in a cumbent posture, habited in his robes, with his infant son at his feet. His lady was esteemed the greatest female genius of her age, being well versed in the learned languages, and an excellent poet. On the tomb are five epitaphs of her composition, three in Latin, one in Greek, and the following in English. The purport of the others are much the same.

Right noble twice, by virtue and by birth,
Of heaven lov'd, and honour'd on the earth;
His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight,
My husband dear, more than this world's light,
Death hath me reft. But I from death will take
His memory, to whom this tomb I make.
JOHN was his name (ah was! wretch, must I say)
LORD RUSSEL once, now my tear thirsty clay.

Chapel

Chapel of Edward the Confessor,
Westminster Abbey.

On Queen ELEANOR, Wife to King EDWARD THE FIRST.

Queen ELEANOR is interr'd,
A worthy noble dame,
Sister unto the SPANISH KING,
Of royal blood and fame.
King EDWARD's wife, first of that name,
And prince of WALES by right;
Whose father HENRY, just the Third,
Was sure an English Wight,
Who crav'd her wife unto his son;
The prince himself did go
On that embassage luckily,
As chief, with many mo.
This knot of linked marriage
Her brother ALPHONSO lik'd,
And so 'tween sister and this prince
The marriage was upstrik'd.
The dowry rich and royal was,
For such a prince most meek,
For Pontieve was the marriage gift,
A dowry rich and great.

A woman both in council wise,
Religious, fruitful, meek,
Who did increase her husband's friends,
And larg'd his honour eke.

Learn to die.

Westminster Abbey.

On Sir William Trumbull, one of the principal secretaries of state to King William III. who having resigned his place, died in his retirement at *Easthamsted*, in *Berks*, 1716.

A pleasing form, a firm yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest;
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn for wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was, who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

Pope.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

On the left hand of SHAKESPEARE's monument is a very neat marble tablet with this inscription.

To the memory
of
MRS. PRITCHARD.

This tablet is here placed by a voluntary subscription of those who admired and esteemed her: She retired from the stage, of which she had long been the ornament, in the month of *April*, 1768, and died at BATH, in the month of *August* following, in the 57th year of her age.

Her comic vein had ev'ry charm to please,
'Twas nature's dictates breath'd with nature's ease;
E'en when her powers sustain'd the tragic load,
Full clear and just th' harmonious accents flow'd;
And the big passions of her feeling heart
Burst freely forth, and sham'd the mimic art.
Oft on the scene, with colours not her own,
She painted vice, and taught us what to shun;

One virtuous track her real life pursu'd,
That nobler part was uniformly good;
Each duty there to such perfection wrought,
That if the precepts fail'd th' example taught.

W. WHITEHEAD, P. L.

Westminster Abbey.

On a handsome monument, erected to the memory of LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERC, is a long inscription, setting forth his great exploits, and observing that he was killed fighting for his country, before the CASTLE of BOCCACHICA, in the 31st year of his age, 1740.

Over the inscription is the following epitaph written by DR. YOUNG.

Whilst BRITAIN boast her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep;
As men, as BRITONS, and as soldiers mourn,
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous BEAUCLERC's urn:
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, tho' immature his fate;

Each

Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living he mingled with his martial fires;
Dying he bid BRITANNIA's thunder roar,
And SPAIN still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

Giving the command on the deck of the PRINCE FREDERIC, both his legs were shot off, but he would not suffer his wounds to be dressed till he had given orders to his first Lieutenant to fight the ship to the last extremity, and soon after resigned his soul.

Westminster Abbey.

On JOHN HOWARD, EARL OF STAFFORD.

His heart was as truly great and noble,
As his high descent:
Faithful to his God,
A lover of his country,
A relation to relations,
A detester of detraction,
A friend to mankind:
Naturally generous and compassionate,
His liberality, and his charity to the poor,

Were

Were without bounds.
We therefore piously hope, that at the last day
His body will be received in glory
Into the everlasting tabernacles,
Being snatched away suddenly by death,
Which he had long meditated, and expected with constancy:
He went to a better life the 1st of *April*, 1562,
Having lived 61 years, nine months, and six days.
The Countess Dowager, in testimony of her great affection, and respect to her lord's memory, has caused this monument to be placed here.

Westminster Abbey.

To the memory of SIR CHARLES WAGER, Knight,
Admiral of the White,
First commissioner of the admiralty,
And privy counsellor,
A man of great natural talents;
He bore the highest commands,
And passed thro' the greatest employments,
With credit to himself, and honour to his country:
He was in private life
Humane, temperate, just, and bountiful;

In

In public station
Valiant, prudent, wise and honest:
Easy of access to all;
Plain and unaffected in his manners;
Steady and resolute in his conduct;
So remarkably happy in his presence of mind,
That no danger ever discompos'd him:
Esteem'd and favor'd by his King,
Belov'd and honor'd by his country,
He died *May* 24, 1743, aged 77.

Westminster Abbey.

PHILIP CARTERET.

What must strike every one who views this tomb, is the fine figure of TIME, standing on an altar, and holding a scroll in his hand, whereon are written in *Saphic* verse, lines to the following import; which he is supposed to be repeating.

TIME speaks;

Why flows the mournful muse's tear,
For thee cut down in life's full prime?
Why sighs for thee the parent dear,
Cropt by the scythe of hoary TIME?

Lo!

Lo! this, my boy's the common lot!——
To me thy memory entrust;
When all that's dear shall be forgot,
I'll guard thy venerable dust.

From age to age, as I proclaim
Thy learning, piety, and truth;
Thy great example shall enflame,
And emulation raise in youth.

Over all is the bust of the noble youth here alluded to, who was son to Lord GEORGE CARTERET, and died a King's scholar at WESTMINSTER, ripe for the University, *March* 19, 1710, aged 19.

This monument was repaired a few years since at the charge of John Earl Granville, Baron Carteret, of Hawns in Bedfordshire.

Westminster Abbey.

Sir PALMES FAIRBORNE.

Supported by two stately pyramids of black marble standing on cannon-balls, adorned in the middle with emblematical devices in relief, and having two MOORISH Emperors heads in profile on their tops, is a handsome monument with this inscription.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBORNE, Knt. Governor of TANGIER, in execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the MOORS then besieging the Town, in the 46th year of his age, *October* 24, 1680.

His Epitaph wrote by Mr. DRYDEN is this:

Ye sacred reliques which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
Discharge the trust, which (when it was below)
FAIRBORNE's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's PALADLIUM from the foe.

Alive

Alive and dead, these walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples must attend.
The CANDIAN siege his early valour knew,
Where TURKISH blood did his young hands imbrue;
From thence returning, with deserv'd applause,
Against the MOORS his well-flesh'd sword he draws,
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heav'n, his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height,
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
More bravely BRITISH gen'ral never fell,
Nor gen'ral's death was e'er reveng'd so well,
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.

To his lamented loss, for times to come,
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

HENRY VII.'s CHAPEL.

To the memory of CATHERINE Lady WALPOLE, eldest daughter of JOHN SHORTER, Esq. of RYBROOK in *Kent*, and first wife of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, afterwards Earl of ORFORD:

HORACE, her youngest son, consecrates this Monument.

She had beauty and wit without vice or vanity,
And cultivated the arts without affectation.
She was devout, without bigotry to any sect,
And was without prejudice to any party,
Though the wife of a minister, whose pow'r she esteem'd
But when she could employ it to benefit the miserable,
Or to reward the meritorious.
She lov'd a private life,
Though born to shine in public, and was an Ornament to courts,
Untainted by them.
She died *August* the 20th, 1737.

Westminster Abbey.

GRACE SCOTT.

A neat tablet, on which is this inscription:

GRACE, eldest daughter of Sir THOMAS MAULEVERER, of ALLERTON MAULEVERER, in YORKSHIRE, Bart. born 1622, married unto Colonel SCOTT, a member of the Hon. House of Commons, 1644, and died *February* 24, 1645.

He that will give my GRACE but what is her's,
Must say her death has not
Made only her dear SCOTT,
But virtue, worth, and sweetness, widowers.

Westminster Abbey.

Sir PETER WARREN.

This is a magnificent monument of white marble, to the memory of this gallant Admiral, done by RUBILIAC. Close to the wall is a large flag hanging to the flag-staff, and spreading in natural folds behind the whole monument. Before is a fine figure of HERCULES placing Sir PETER's bust on its pedestal; and on the other side is a figure of Navigation with a laurel wreath in her hand, gazing on the bust with a look of melancholy mixed with admiration. Behind her a cornucopia pours out fruit, corn, the fleece, &c. and by it is a cannon, an anchor, and other decorations. The inscription is as follows.

Sacred to the memory of
Sir PETER WARREN,
Knight of the *Bath*, Vice Admiral of the Red
Squadron of the BRITISH Fleet, and
Member of Parliament
For the City and Liberty of WESTMINSTER.
He derived his descent from an ancient
Family of IRELAND:

His fame and honours from his virtues and
Abilities.
How eminently those were displayed,
With what vigilance and spirit they were
exerted,
In the various services wherein he had the honour
to command,
And the happiness to conquer,
Will be more properly recorded in the
Annals of
GREAT BRITAIN.
On this tablet, affection with truth must say,
That, deservedly esteemed in private life,
And universally renowned for his public
Conduct,
The judicious and gallant officer
Possessed of all the amiable qualities of the
Friend,
The gentleman and christian:
But the ALMIGHTY,
Whom alone he feared, and whose gracious
Protection
He had often experienced,
Was pleased to remove him from a place of
Honour
To an eternity of happiness,
On the 29th day of *July*, 1752,
In the 49th year of his age.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

To the memory of STEPHEN HALES, D. D.
AUGUSTA, the mother of
That best of Kings, GEORGE the THIRD,
Has placed this monument;
Who chose him when living
To officiate as her Chaplain;
And after he died, which was on the 4th of *January*, 1761, in the 84th year of his age,
Honoured him with this marble.

About the tomb of HALES, whose fair design
And polish great AUGUSTA caus'd to shine,
Religion, hoary faith, and virtue wait,
And shed perpetual tears in mournful state.
But o'er the preacher, render'd to his clay,
The voice of wisdom still has this to say;
" He was a man to hear affliction's cry,
" And trace his Maker's works with curious eye.

" O HALES! thy praises not the latest age
" Shall e'er diminish, or shall blot thy page:
" ENGLAND, so proud of *Newton*, shall agree,
" She has a son of equal rank in thee."

Westminster Abbey.

Captain JAMES CORNWALL.

This noble monument, which is thirty-six feet high, has a bold base and pyramid of rich Sicilian marble. Against the pyramid is a rock (embellished with naval trophies, sea-weeds, &c.), in which are two cavities: in the one is a Latin epitaph; in the other cavity is a view of the sea-fight before TOULON, in a basso relievo; on the foreground whereof, the MARLBOROUGH, of 98 guns, is seen fiercely engaged with Admiral NAVARRO's ship the REAL, of 114 guns, and her two seconds, all raking the MARLBOROUGH fore and aft. On the rock stand two figures: the one represents BRITANNIA, under the character of MINERVA, accompanied with a Lion; the other figure is expressive of FAME, who, having presented to MINERVA a medallion of the hero, supports it, whilst exhibited to public view.—The medallion is accompanied with a globe, and various honorary crowns, as due to valour. Behind the figures is a lofty spreading palm-tree (whereon is fixed the hero's shield, or coat of arms),

arms), together with a laurel-tree; both which issue from the naturally barren rock, as alluding to some heroic and uncommon event.

Amongst the monuments of ancient merit
In this sacred Cathedral, let the name of

JAMES CORNWALL

Be preserved,
The third son of HENRY CORNWALL,
Of *Bradwardin Castle*, in the county of *Hereford*,
Esq.
Who, from the very old and illustrious stock of
The PLANTAGENETS,
Deriving a truly ancient spirit, became
A naval commander of the first eminence;
Equally and deservedly honoured by the tears and
Applause of BRITONS, as a man,
Who, bravely defending the cause of his country,
In that sea-fight off TOULON,
And being by a chain-shot deprived
Of both his legs at a blow, fell unconquered,
On the 27th of *February*, 1743, in the 45th year
Of his age,
Bequeathing his animated example to his fellow sailors,
As a legacy of a dying ENGLISHMAN,

Whose

Whose extraordinary valour could not be recommended
To the emulation of Posterity in a more ample eulogy,
Than by so singular an instance of honour;
Since the Parliament of GREAT BRITAIN, by an unanimous suffrage,
Resolv'd that a Monument at the Public Expence
Should be consecrated to the memory
Of this most heroical person.

Westminster Abbey.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

This monument, though apparently plain, is very expressive; the chaplet of laurel that begirts his urn, and the fire issuing from the mouth of it, are fine emblems of the glory he acquired by the spirit of his writings: the LATIN inscription and epitaph on the pedestal, we find thus rendered into ENGLISH.

Near this place lies ABRAHAM COWLEY, the PINDAR, HORACE, and VIRGIL of ENGLAND; and the delight, ornament, and admiration of his age:

While,

While, sacred bard, far worlds thy works proclaim,
And you survive in an immortal fame,
Here may you bless'd in pleasing quiet lie,
To guard thy urn my hoary faith stand by;
And all thy fav'rite tuneful Nine repair
To watch thy dust with a perpetual care.
Sacred for ever may this place be made,
And may no desp'rate hand presume t'invade,
With touch unhallow'd, this religious room,
Or dare affront thy venerable tomb;
Unmov'd and undisturb'd till time shall end,
May COWLEY's dust this marble shrine defend.

So wishes, and desires that wish to be sacred to posterity, GEORGE Duke of BUCKINGHAM, who erected this monument to that incomparable man. He died in the 49th year of his age, and was carried from BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, with honourable pomp, his exequies being attended by persons of illustrious characters of all degrees, and buried *August* 3, 1667. His grave is just before the monument, as appears by a blue stone, on which is engraved his name.

He was the son of a grocer in Fleet-street, born 1618, died *July* 28, 1667.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

To the memory of MARY HOPE, who died at BROCKHALL, in the county of NORTHAMPTON, on the 25th of *June*, 1767, aged 25, and whose remains lie in the neighbouring Church at NORTON. This stone, an unavailing tribute of affliction, is by her husband erected and inscribed.

She was the only daughter of ELIAB BRETON, of FORTY HALL, MIDDLESEX, Esq. and was married to JOHN HOPE, of LONDON, Merchant, to whom she left three infant sons, CHARLES, JOHN and WILLIAM.

Tho' low in earth, her beauteous form decay'd,
My faithful wife, my lov'd MARIA's laid,
In sad remembrance the afflicted raise
No pompous tomb inscrib'd with venal praise;
To statesmen, warriors, and to kings belong
The trophied sculpture and the poet's song;
And these the proud expiring often claim,
Their wealth bequeathing, to record their name.
But humble virtue, stealing to the dust,
Heeds not our lays or monumental bust.

To

To name her virtues ill befits my grief;
What was my bliss can now give no relief;
A husband mourns—the rest let friendship tell,
Fame spread her worth—a husband knew it well.

Westminster Abbey, St. Edmund's Chapel.

To the memory of
Sir RICHARD PECKSALL, Knight,
Master of the Buck-Hounds to Q. ELIZABETH; first married to ALIANER, the daughter of WILLIAM PAWLET, Marquis of WINCHESTER, by whom he had four daughters; and afterwards to ALIANER, Daughter to JOHN COTGRAVE, who erected this monument to his memory, as appears by the inscription. On the basis of the pillars are Latin verses thus translated:

Death can't disjoin whom CHRIST hath join'd in love.
Life leads to death, and death to life above.
In heaven's a happier place: frail things despise;
Live well, to gain in future life the prize.

In this *Abbey* is a monument erected to the memory of JAMES THOMSON, Author of the Seasons, and other poetical works. It is situated between SHAKESPEARE'S and ROWE'S, and executed by MICHAEL HENRY SPANG, Statuary, after a design of Mr. ADAM, Architect to his Majesty. There is a figure of Mr. THOMSON sitting, which leans its left arm upon a pedestal, holding a book with the cap of liberty in its other hand. Upon the pedestal are carved in basso relievo, the Seasons; to which a boy points, offering him a laurel crown, as the reward of his genius. At the feet of the figure is the tragic mask, and the ancient harp. The whole is supported by a projecting pedestal, and in a pannel is the following inscription:

JAMES THOMSON,

Ætatis 48, *Obiit* 27 *August*, 1748.

Tutor'd by thee, sweet poetry exalts her voice to ages, and informs the page with music, image, sentiment, and thought, never to die!

This monument was erected 1762.

Chapel

Chapel of Edward the Confessor, Westminster Abbey.

On Queen MAUD, surnamed the Good,
Wife of HENRY I.

Success ne'er sat exulting in her eye,
Nor disappointment heav'd the troubled sigh;
Prosperity ne'er sadden'd o'er her brow,
While glad in trouble, she enjoy'd her woe;
Beauty nor made her vain, nor sceptres proud,
Nor titles taught to scorn the meaner croud;
Supreme humility was awful grace,
And her chief charm a bashfulness of face.

Westminster Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS,
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
ANNOS HEU PAUCOS XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

In English.

JAMES CRAGGS,
Privy counsellor and Secretary of state
To the King of Great Britain,
Equally esteem'd and belov'd by
Prince and people,
As indifferent to titles as he was above envy:
His years were few, alas! too few for such a man:
Dying in the 35th year of his age,
On *February* 16th, 1720.

Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

On Mr. John Gay.

Written by himself.

Life is a jest, and all things shew it:
I thought so once, but now I know it.

Beneath are the following by Pope.

Of manners gentle, of affection mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, e'en among the great;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in the end:
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mixt with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies Gay.

Here lie the Ashes of Mr. John Gay,
The warmest friend,
The gentlest companion,
The most benevolent Man;
Who maintained
Independency
In low Circumstances of Fortune;
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt Age,
And that equal serenity of mind,
Which conscious Goodness alone can give,
Thro' the whole Course of his life.
Favorite of the MUSES,
He was led by them to ev'ry elegant Art;
Refin'd in Taste,
And fraught with Graces all his own:
In various kinds of Poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none.
His Works continue to inspire
What his Example taught;
Contempt of Folly, however adorn'd,
Detestation of Vice, however dignified,
Reverence for Virtue, however disgraced.

CHARLES AND CATHERINE, Duke and Duchess
of QUEENSBERRY,
Who loved this excellent Person living,
And respect him dead,
Caused this Monument to be erected to his memory.
Died 1732.

Westminster Abbey.

On JOHN, DUKE of ARGYLE and GREENWICH,
written by PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.

Supposed to be wrote by the Hand of History.

BRITON, behold, if Patriot Worth be dear,
A Shrine that claims thy tributary Tear!
Silent that Tongue admiring Senates heard,
Nerveless that Arm opposing Legions fear'd:
Nor less, O CAMPBELL! thine the Pow'r to please,
And give to Grandeur all the Grace of ease;
Long from thy Life let kindred Heroes trace
Arts which ennoble still the noblest Race;
Others may owe their future Fame to me,
I borrow Immortality from thee.

JOHN, Duke of ARGYLE and GR
Born *October* 10th, 1680, died *October* 4th, 1743.
In Memory of an honest Man,
A constant Friend,
JOHN the great Duke of ARGYLE and GREENWICH,
A General and an Orator,
Exceeded by none in the Age he lived.

SIR HENRY FERMOR, Bart. by his last Will left the Sum of five hundred pounds towards erecting this Monument, and recommended the above Instructions.

Westminster Abbey.

HENRY VII.'s CHAPEL, South Cross.

THOMAS PARR, of the county of *Salop*, born in 1483: he lived in the reign of ten princes, viz. KING EDW RD IV. EDWARD V. RICHARD III. HENRY VII. HENRY VIII. EDWARD VI. QUEEN MARY, ELIZABETH, King JAMES, and King CHARLES: died aged 152 years, and was buried here *November* 15th, 1635.

A very

A very remarkable circumstance of this old man is, that at the age of 130, a prosecution was entered against him in the spiritual court for bastardy, and with such effect, that he did penance publickly in the church for that offence.

In this Abbey is a handsome Cenotaph of white marble erected to the memory of MR. JOHN PHILLIPS, the celebrated poet, on which is his bust in relief, having on one side a laurel, and the other an apple tree, with this motto:

HONOS ERIT HUIC QUOQUE POMO.*

There is also a long Latin inscription which may be thus Englished.

In the church of HEREFORD lies the body,
In this is erected the Effigies,
And through all BRITAIN is spread the Fame,
Of JOHN PHILLIPS,
Who, esteemed by all good and learned Men,
His immortal Wit cultivated with various kinds of Learning,
Adorned and embellished

* This was prefixed to his Poem on Cyder.

With

With extraordinary Candour of Mind,
Plainness and Sincerity of Manners.
That early Thirst of Knowledge,
Which when a Boy seized him at WINCHESTER,
He continually gratified while a Student at
CHRIST CHURCH:
In which Seat of the Muses,
Fir'd by the curious Performances of his Fellow Collegians,
And intently familiar with the best of Authors,
He attempted Poetry in the ENGLISH Language,
Happily drawn from the GREEK and LATIN Springs,
And well worthy an ATTIC or a ROMAN Ear.
The Jingle of Verse in Rhime he gave up,
For that antient, free, and various Manner,
Suited and attempered to Things themselves,
Not always returning in the same Round of Measure,
Nor meeting in the same Close of Sound.
In this single Instance of Fame he was second to MILTON,
But in the first equal to him.
Whenever he undertook to embellish any Subject,
Whether they were low, lofty, or middling,
He both discovered and imitated
Whatever was beautiful in others:
To whatever Subject he adapted his Stile,
He was just in his Expression and curiously inventive of Words.

O CHAUCER,

O CHAUCER, Father and Founder of ENGLISH Poetry,
Grant him, tho' a bold Deviator from thy ancient Law of Rhyme,
A Place adjoining to thee;
For surely he will not disgrace the Chorus of Bards
On all Sides encircling thy Ashes.

SIMON HARCOURT, KNT.
Who, (in regard he was valuable both for his Character and Writings,)
Was, whilst living, his Encourager,
After his Death, in respectful Remembrance of him,
Hath erected this Monument.

JOHN PHILLIPS, son of STEPHEN PHILLIPS, D. D. Archdeacon of SALOP, was born at BAMPTON, in OXFORDSHIRE, *December* 30, 1676, died at HEREFORD, *February* 15, 1708.

Westminster Abbey.

Sacred to the memory of TEMPLE WEST, Esq.
Who, dedicating himself from his earliest youth
To the naval services of his country,
Rose

Rose with merit and reputation to the rank of
Vice Admiral of the White.
Sagacious, active, industrious,
He was a skilful seaman;
Cool, intrepid, and resolute,
He approved himself a gallant officer
In the signal victory
Obtained over the *French*, May 3, 1747.
He was Captain of the ship which carried Sir
PETER WARREN,
And acquired particular honor,
Even on that day of general glory.
In the less successful engagement, near Minorca,
May 20, 1756,
Wherein, as Rear Admiral, he commanded the 2d
Division,
His distinguished courage and animating example
Were admired by the whole British Squadron,
Confessed by that of France;
And amidst the national discontent which followed,
Rewarded as they deserved, by the warmest ap-
plause of
His country, and the just approbation of his so-
vereign.
On the 17th of November following,
He was appointed
One of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty.
He adorned this station

By

By a modesty, which concealed from him his own merit,
And a candour, which disposed him to reward that of others.
With these public talents,
He possessed the milder graces of domestic life.
To the frank and generous spirit of an officer,
He added the ease and politeness of a gentleman;
And with the moral and social virtues of a man,
He exercised the duties of a christian.
A life, so honourable to himself,
So dear to his friends, useful to his country,
Was ended at the age of 43, A. D. 1757.
To preserve to posterity
His fame and example,
This monument was erected
By the daughter of the brave unfortunate BALCHEN,
The wife of TEMPLE WEST,
A. D. 1761.

Westminster Abbey, Poet's Corner.

On the right hand of SHAKESPEARE's monument, is a very handsome one with the following inscription.

To the memory of NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq. who died in 1710, aged 45; and of CHARLOTTE his

his only daughter, Wife of HENRY FANE, Esq. who, inheriting her father's spirit, and amiable in her own innocence and beauty, died in the 23d year of her age, 1739.

Beneath on the front is the following epitaph, written by ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

Thy reliques, ROWE, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy SHAKESPEARE place thy honour'd bust.
Oh! skill'd next him to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere,
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never BRITON more disdain'd a slave!
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys that liberty it lov'd.

To these, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless mother, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

On EDWARD, EARL OF SANDWICH, who was killed, fighting for his country, on the 28th of *May*, 1672.

Written by *Dr. Campbell.*

Adorn'd with titles, but from virtue great,
At sea a NEPTUNE, a NESTOR in the state;
Alike in council and in fight renown'd,
In action always with success still crown'd,
A Soldier, Seaman, Statesman, here he lies;
No heart more honest, and no head more wise.
Tho' brave, yet gentle; tho' sincere, not rude;
Justice in camps, in courts he truth pursued,
Living, he rais'd a deathless, spotless name;
And dying, soar'd above the reach of fame.

Reader, if ENGLISH, stop the falling tears!
Grief should not wait on him who felt no fears;
He wants no pity: could his ashes speak,
These gen'rous sounds would from the marble break,
" Go, serve thy country, while God spares thee breath,
" Live as I liv'd, and so deserve my death."

Westminster Abbey.

To the memory of PHILIP Earl STANHOPE.

On the right hand entering the *choir*.

Conspicuous for universal benevolence,
Unshaken public integrity, and private worth;
Deep were his researches in philosophy,
And extensive his ideas for his country's good:
He was ever a determined supporter
Of THE TRIAL BY JURIES,
Of the FREEDOM OF ELECTIONS,
Of a NUMEROUS and WELL REGULATED MILITIA,
And of the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.
On the 7th day of *March*, 1786,
And in the 72d year of his age,
He terminated an honourable life,
Spent in the exercise of VIRTUE,
In the improvements of SCIENCE,
And in the pursuit of TRUTH.

In respectful remembrance of him, the above lines were inscribed by his affectionate son, CHARLES Earl STANHOPE.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

Sacred to the memory of
SIR GODFREY KNELLER,
Knight of the ROMAN Empire, and a Baronet of ENGLAND;
Painter to the Kings
CHARLES 2d, JAMES 2d, WILLIAM 3d, QUEEN ANN, and
KING GEORGE THE FIRST,
He died *October* 26, 1723, aged 77.

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great;
Rests crown'd with princes honours, poets lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise;
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

POPE.

Westminster Abbey.

Qui fide antiqua et opera assidua
BRITANNICAM antiquitatem
Indagavit,
Simplicatem innatem honestis
Studiis excoluit,
Animi solertiam candore illustravit,
GULIELMUS CAMPDENUS ab ELIZABETHA R.
Ad Regis Armorum
(CLARENTIS TITULO) dignitatem
Evocatus,
Hic spe certa resurgendi in
CHRISTO, S. E.
Obiit Ano. Dni. 1623, 9 *Novembris*,
Ætatis suæ 74.

In English thus.

WILLIAM CAMPDEN, Clarencieux King
at Arms,
Who illustrated the BRITISH Antiquities
With ancient truth and indefatigable industry,
Adorned his innate simplicity with
Useful literature,

And

And improved his pleasantness of humour,
With candour and sincerity,
Lies here,
In hopes of a certain resurrection in CHRIST.
He died the 9th of *November*, 1623,
Aged 74 years.

This great man was the son of SAMPSON CAMPDEN, a native of LITCHFIELD, Citizen, and one of the Society of Painter Stainers of LONDON. He was born in the OLD BAYLEY, in the said City, *May*, 1551: in 1566, sent to CHRIST CHURCH Hospital; afterwards as a Servitor to MAGDALEN College, OXFORD: Thence went to PEMBROKE College in that University: Stood for a fellowship in ALL SOULS, but lost it, being opposed by the Popish party of that house: In 1575 he was made second master of WESTMINSTER School; where studying Antiquity, and greatly succeeding in that study, he was promoted to several dignities, as King at arms, &c. &c. &c.

Epitaph on a Blacksmith.

Here lieth T—— S——
Who, whilst he liv'd, was *hotly employed*
In the service of his country;
He had abilities for matters of *weight*,
And, whatever came upon the *anvil*
He turn'd to advantage.
He was *dextrous* in *penetrating* into things;
For few were so *hard* or so *close*
But he would *screw* unto them and *spy thro'* them;
He shewed *great strokes* of his *strong parts*,
As well in *cutting asunder* the *firmest connections*
Which *lay in his way*,
As in *uniting* what he *found asunder*
To answer his purpose.
Whatever *black contrivances* were *forged*,
He soon *blew them up*,
And was successful in *quenching*
The *red hot fury* of those *he had in hand*:
His station was an *unquiet one*;
But by a judicious use of *instruments*,
Of which he was master,
And by making *vice* itself
Subservient to his work;
He secured his *points*;

And by hitting the *right nail on the head*,
Arrived to the *height* of his desires,
And lived, WITH SPIRITS,
In the *common way*:
In which situation
He *bent* himself to be serviceable
To his neighbourhood,
Among whom he *wrought a good understanding*;
And when things went *wrong or lame*,
Would stoop
To set them on *better footing*.
He was not *linked* to any party;
Old and New
Were equally his interest;
He made A GREAT NOISE in the world;
And *shone* in his station,
Till age spread a *rust* over him,
And death put out *his fire*,
And here are laid *his dust and ashes*.

Bermondsey,

Bermondsey, Surry.

Here lies the body of
JOSEPH WIDDOOSON,
Who departed this life
February 25, 1791.

In the morning when I did wake,
I was then in a healthy state;
Ere four hours spent and gone,
I found my glass was nearly run;
I pray'd the Lord would me forgive;
In heaven I hope he will my soul receive.

Bermondsey, Surry.

Mr. WILLIAM PALIN,
Who died *October* 25, 1782,
Aged 36 years.

Silent grave, to thee I trust
This precious pile of worthy dust;
Keep it safe in the sacred tomb,
Until a wife shall ask for room.

Bermondsey,

Bermondsey, Surry.

ELIZABETH SELBY,
Who died *April* 10th, 1792,
Aged 48.

She was the good Samaritan, thro' wet and cold,
To dress their wounds; when they could not walk to
get support,
She set them on their legs, to work for bread;
For her good skill and good will, she was us'd ill,
For sense, and grace, and good works; true in
the gospel of Christ and his Church, she sleeps
in peace, releas'd from pain, and all her cares
are at an end, and now she lies beneath the
Earth untill the rising of the just.

Bermondsey,

Bermondsey, Surry.

WILL. WYLDE,
Needle maker to her Majesty
QUEEN CHARLOTTE,
Died *October* 26, 1770, aged 53.

Man wants but little, nor that little long;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him but for one hour.

In the common burial ground, without the GRIMMESCHE GATE at LEIPSIC in UPPER SAXONY, is a monumental inscription in the HIGH GERMAN language, to which is added the translation.

Capital Conto.

Gewin & verlust conto.
An gluckseeligen Sterbe Gewin,
Wohl gestorben ist der beste
Gewin, 100,000.

Fur des Christus unchatzbares
Lose Gelt und Ranzion,
100,000.
1669, 7 April in Scheibenberg.

Auf

Auf FELIX ADAM BLECHSMIDT, bestimte Sterbe Tag, anno 1700. d. 21, OCTOBER, Gelobe ich JESUS CHRISTUS, S. T. Burge Zubezahlen, diesen meinen sola Wechsell Brieve an dem Selbsten: Dem Werth nab ich Selbsten verdient, bin mit Sien Gluuben und Leben vergnugt Schenke imh dahero die Ewige Seeligkeit aus Gnaden.

JESUS CHRISTUS.

Stock Account.

Profit and loss account. A fortunate End a prize, to die well, is the best Prize, 100,000.	For Christ's unvaluable Purchase and Ransom, 100,000.

Scheibenberg, 7 April, 1669.

Upon the appointed day of FELIX ADAM BLECHSMIDT's death, which shall happen on the 21st of *October*, Anno 1700, I JESUS CHRIST, promise to pay unto him this my only Bill of Exchange, having purchased the Value thereof thro' my Merits: therefore being satisfied with his Life and Faith, give him eternal Happiness through Grace.

JESUS CHRIST.

See Maitland's Survey of London, vol. xi. p. 1334.

In

In St. Edmund's the King, London.

RICHARD NORDELL lyeth bury'd here,
Somtym of LONDON, citizen and drapier;
And MARGERIE his Wyf, of her Progenie,
Return'd to Erth and so sall ye:
Of the Erth we were made and formed,
And to the erth we been returned;
Have yis in mynd and memorie,
Ye yat liven lerneth to dy;
And beholdyth here your Destine,
Such as ye erane, somtym weren we;
Ye sall be dyght in yis aray,
Be ye nere so stout and gay;
Therfor frendys, we yow prey,
Make yow redy for to dey;
Yatt ye be not forr Sinn atteynt,
At ye Dey of Judgment.
Man the behovyth oft to have yis in mynd,
Yat thow geveth wyth yin hand yat sall thow fynd;
For Wydowes be slofull, and Children beth unkind,
Executors be covetos, and kep al yat they fynd,
I eny body ask wher ye Deddy's Goodys becam, Ye ansqueare,
So God me help and Halidam, he died a pore Man.
Yink on yis.

Weaver's Funeral Monuments.

On

On one who would not be buried in *Westminster Abbey.*

By Pope.

Said to be *intended for himself.*

Under this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head;
Lies one who ne'er car'd, nor still cares a pin,
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within:
But who, living, and dying, serene, still, and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

† On old SCARLET the Sexton, in *Peterborough* Cathedral: above the epitaph is his picture: he is represented holding the keys of the Cathedral in one hand, a shovel in another, a skull and mattock under his feet. The inscription is;

You see old SCARLET's picture stand on hie,
But at your feete there does his body lie;
His graue stone doth his age,* and death tyme show,
His office by their tokens you may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdye limb,
A scarbabe mighty voice, and visage grim.
Hee had interr'd two queens† within this place,
And this towne's householders in his life's space
Twice over; but at length his one turn came;
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done: No doubt his soule does live for aye
In heaven, tho' his body clad in clay.

* Aged 95 (others according to Hacket, 98), ob. July 2, 1594, R. S.

† Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife to Henry VIII. and Mary Queen of Scots, afterwards removed to Westminster.

Camberwell

Camberwell Church Yard.

In memory of MISS MARY PELO, who died *July* 12, 1763, aged ten years.

Come, silly mortal, take your stand,
Here view the world unknown,
Nor would you wish me in your hand,
Or in my God's alone.
My innocence to rest is gone,
In preference to you;
Remember, tho' my work is done,
That yours is yet to do.
Then dry your tears, your duty know,
Rejoice that this is true:
To her you certainly may go,
Who cannot come to you.

To the memory of the Unfortunate
BOSAVERN PENLEZ;
Who finished a life, generally well reported of,
By a violent and ignominious death.
He was the son of a Clergyman,
To whom he was indebted for an education, which
He so wisely improved,

As to merit the love and esteem of all who knew him.
But actuated by principles truly laudable
(When rightly directed and properly restrained),
He was hurried by a zeal for his countrymen,
And an honest detestation of public stews
(The most certain bane of youth, and the disgrace of Government),
To engage in an undertaking, which the most partial cannot defend,
And yet the least candid must excuse.
For thus indeliberately mixing with rioters, whom He accidentally met with,
He was condemned to die;
And of 400 persons concerned in the same attempt,
He only suffered,
Tho' neither principal, nor contriver.
How well he deserved life, appears
From his generous contempt of it, in forbidding a Rescue of himself.
And what returns he would have made to royal Clemency,
Had it been extended to him, may be presumed
From his noble endeavors to prevent the least affront To that power,
Which, though greatly importuned, refused to save him:
What was denied to his person, was paid to his ashes,

By

By the inhabitants of St. CLEMENT DANES,
Who ordered him to be interred among their brethren;
Defrayed the charges of his funeral,
And thought no mark of pity or respect too much
For this unhappy youth;
Whose death was occasioned by no other fault,
But a too warm indignation for their sufferings.
By his sad example, reader, be admonished
Of the many ill consequences that attend an
Intemperate zeal.
Learn hence to respect the laws, even the
Most oppressive;
And think thyself happy under that government,
That doth TRULY and INDIFFERENTLY administer
justice,
To the PUNISHMENT of WICKEDNESS AND VICE,
And to the MAINTENANCE of GOD'S TRUE RELIGION and VIRTUE.

IMMORTAL SHAKESPEARE,

Born in *April*, 1564, died 23d *April*, 1616, in the year of his age 53, lies buried in the north isle at STRATFORD, on AVON, with the following inscription, on a stone, written by himself.

Good friend, for JESUS sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

By Ditto, on MR. COOMBE, a Gentleman in *Warwickshire*, and noted for practising usury.

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis an hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask who lies in this tomb,
Oh! Oh! quoth the Devil, 'tis my JOHN o' COOMBE.

St. Dunstan's, Stepney.

On the east side of the portico, leading up to the gallery, on the north side of the chancel, is a STONE, on which are engraved the following lines.

Of CARTHAGE great I was a stone;
O mortals read with pity:
Time consumes all, it spareth none,
Men, mountains, towns, nor city.

Therefore, O mortals, all bethink
You whereunto you must,
Since now such stately buildings
Lie buried in the dust.

In the Parish Church of *St. Martin's, Ludgate.*

Here lye the bodies of FLORENS CALDWELL, Esq. Citizen and Haberdasher of LONDON, and Alderman's Deputy of the ward of FARRINGDON WITHOUT; and MARY WILDE, his first Wife, by whom

whom he had issue, one daughter, named MARY, married to THOMAS GOURNEY, Esq. and SIBILL GREENE, his second Wife; which FLORENS died, and MARY his Wife, the 19th day of *June*, Anno Dom. 1590, &c.

Earth goes to earth, as mold to mold;
Earth treads on earth, glittering in gold;
Earth as to earth returne ne'er should;
Earth shall to earth goe e'er he would.
Earth upon earth consider may;
Earth goes to earth naked away.
Earth tho' on earth be stout and gay;
Earth shall from earth passe poore away.
Be mercifull and charitable,
Relieve the poor as thou art able;
A shrowd to the grave
Is all thou shalt have.

Maitland's Hist. of London.

On DR. MEAD.

His gen'rous mind's to latest ages known
From others works; his learning from his own.

On

On a profligate Mathematician at *Manchester*.

Here lies JOHN HILL,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten:
He ne'er did good,
Nor ever would,
Had he liv'd as long again.

The learned and facetious Author of the following lines (the REVEREND WILLIAM GOODWIN) was fellow of ETON COLLEGE, and Vicar of ST. NICHOLAS in BRISTOL. He died in *June*, 1747,—supposed to be written for himself.

Here lies a head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat;
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;

Here

Here lie the midriff, and the breast,
With loads of indigestion prest;
Here lies the liver full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind, and twisting gripes;
Here lies that livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene;
That left side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
With painful cramps, and poignant stitch;
Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidnies, loins, and reins;
Here lies the skin *per* scurvy fed,
With pimples, and eruptions red;
Here lies the man, from top to toe,
That fabric fam'd for pain and woe;
He caught a cold, but colder death
Compress'd his lungs and stopt his breath;
The organs could no longer go,
Because the bellows ceas'd to blow;

Thus I dissect this honest friend,
Who ne'er till death was at wit's end;
For want of spirits here he fell;
With higher spirits let him dwell,
In future state of peace and love,
Where just men's perfect spirits move.

At Bath Abbey, Somersetshire.

Here lies the body of MARY, third daughter of RICHARD FRAMPTON, of MORETON in DORSETSHIRE, Esq. and of JANE his wife, sole daughter of SIR FRANCIS COTTINGTON, of FOUNTHILL in WILTS, who was born *July* 1st, 1676-7, and died after seven weeks sickness, 1798. This monument was erected by CATHERINE FRAMPTON, her 2d sister, and executrix, in testimony of her grief, affection, and gratitude.

Below this marble monument is laid,
All that heav'n wants of this cælestial maid;
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust confin'd,
The mold was made on purpose for the mind:
And she would lose, if at the latter day,
One atom could be mixt of other clay;
Such were the features of her heav'nly face:
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace;
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul;
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture, shone in glass unneal'd:
Or like the sun eclips'd with shaded light,
Too piercing else to be sustain'd by sight;

Each

Each thought was visible that roll'd within,
As thro' a chrystall'd case the figur'd hours are seen;
And heav'n did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide;
All white, a virgin saint, she sought the skies,
For marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dyes;
High tho' her wit, yet humble was her mind,
As if she could not, or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind;
Yet had she learnt so much of heav'n below,
That when arriv'd she scarce had more to know;
But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print;
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r;
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'Twas wond'rous how she found an hour to pray;
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs and flows,
Which passion could but curb not discompose;
A female softness, with a manly mind,
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind,
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

JOHN DRYDEN.

In

In the Church Yard of St. LUKE's, CHELSEA, is a magnificent monument, erected at the south east corner, to the memories of the late SIR HANS SLOANE, Bart. and his Lady. It is composed of Portland stone, on the top of which, covered with a portico, supported by four pillars, is placed a beautiful vase of the finest white marble, with four serpents entwined round it, and inimitably executed, all out of one piece; at each of the ends and sides are four white marble entablatures, the arms on one, and the crest on the other, and the following inscriptions.

To the memory of Sir HANS SLOANE, Bart. President of the ROYAL SOCIETY, and of the COLLEGE of PHYSICIANS; who, in the year of our Lord 1753, the 92d year of his age, without the least pain of body, and with a conscious serenity of mind, ended a virtuous and beneficent life. This monument was erected by his two daughters, ELIZABETH CADOGAN and SARAH STANLEY.

Here lies interred ELIZABETH Lady SLOANE, Wife of Sir HANS SLOANE, Bart. who departed this life in the year of our Lord 1724, in the 67th year of her age.

The following lines (though not strictly to be stiled an epitaph, may, it is presumed, be intitled to a place in this collection) were hung on a branch of a venerable wallnut-tree, which overshadows the burial-place of the celebrated poet WALLER, in the Church Yard at *Beaconsfield*, in *Bucks*: he died 1687, aged 82.

Stranger, if virtue or if verse be dear,
With pious caution pay thy visit here,
Planted by him, whose sacred dust has laid
Twice fifty summers underneath my shade,
Protector of the hallow'd spot I stand
To guard this vault from each unhallow'd hand.
Spare then each branch that canopies the tomb,
A part of WALLER feeds my verdant bloom.
Oh, spare each leaf that bow'rs the poet's grave,
For in each leaf a part of him you save;
And on the fruits which clust'ring round me grow
(A more than vulgar destiny below),
Taste, but with reverence, kneeling at the shrine,
So may'st thou eat, and WALLER's Muse be thine;
A second tree of knowledge may I be,
And unforbidden wisdom shine in thee.

St.

St. Mary, Newington Butts.

Sacred
To the memory of
WILLIAM ALLEN,
An ENGLISHMAN of unspotted life
And amiable disposition,
Who was inhumanly murdered near
ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS, on the 10th day of
May, 1768, by SCOTTISH detachments
From the army.

His disconsolate parents,
Inhabitants of this parish, caused
This tomb to be erected to an ONLY SON,
LOST to them, and to the world,
In his 20th year, as a monument of
His virtues, and their affection.

East End.

O EARTH,
Cover not thou my blood, &c.
Job, ch. xvi. ver. 18.

South Side.

O disembodied soul, most rudely driv'n
From this low orb (our sinful seat) to heav'n,
While filial piety can please the ear,
Thy name will still occur, for ever dear;
This very spot, now humaniz'd, shall crave
From all a tear of pity on his grave;
O flow'r of flow'rs, which we shall see no more,
No kind returning spring can thee restore,
Thy loss thy hapless countrymen deplore.

West End.

Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness.

Prov. ch. xxv. ver. 5.

Newington, Old Church.

On Mr. and Mrs. Day.

Though from this state of animated clay,
The path prove painful, or obscure the way;
Through death to life, the pass once gain'd,
The conflict ended, and the prize attain'd.

That prize cælestial where no storm assails,
No ills approach, nor aught but joy prevails;
Lament not then the excellence that's gone,
Nor shade with grief the glories it has won.

Bid the big heart repress its burning throws,
For ever torn from whom its motion flows;
Ah! yet immortal pair, to parents, friends, like you,
One mournful tear, admit the last long long adieu.

Designed for a STONE in the Church Yard of *Haddington*, upon a youth who died of a decline.

Reader, if e'er you priz'd a fav'rite flow'r,
That droop'd untimely from some latent pow'r;
If oft with pleasure you its form survey'd,
And blest the tree that lent its friendly shade;
Or watch'd the sunny ray or morning dew,
That on its face a flatt'ring lustre threw;
Then here again recall the tender strife,
This flower faded in the spring of life;
As yours admir'd, lamented, and belov'd,
It left this earth, to happier climes remov'd.

W. HAMILTON REID.

Hampstead.

Underneath where as you see,
There lies the body of SIMON TREE.

Who departed this life *August* 12th, 1722, in the 64th year of his age.

Intended

Intended for an Infant.

Thrice happy infant, what a doom is thine,
Far worthier of our envy than our tears;
Destin'd so soon thy burthen to resign,
So soon translated to thy native spheres;
Where, all transform'd, a pure ætherial mind,
Thou minglest with the blest, an angel with his kind.

Puddicombe's Elegy on an Infant Nephew.

Westham, Essex.

Miss Eliz. Louisa Shute died May 8th, 1793, Aged 21.

Sweet was the sleep of virtue's child,
When no rude passions sway'd the breast;
But sweeter slumbers bless the saint,
Now laid in hallow'd ground to rest.

Shoreditch.

Shoreditch.

MR. JACOB VESENBECK, Gent. died *December* 31, 1729, aged 69.

In all your pride and self vain glory,
Mind this same well, MEMENTO MORI.

St. John's, Horslydown.

MRS. JANE LEES died *April* 12, 1791, aged 22.

Reader, this hallow'd spot revere,
To virtue's claim be just;
And drop one sympathetic tear
On her sepulchred dust.
O! think, whilst pity warms thy heart,
What treasure lies below;
The greatest nature could impart,
Or nature's offspring know.

St.

St. Mary, Islington.

W. SHEPHERD died *January* 3, 1744, aged 59, in the true faith of JESUS, the only supreme eternal God.

In peace have I resign'd my mortal breath,
Sweetly to sleep within the arms of death;
Vain world, adieu, securely here I rest,
Till call'd from dust to be for ever blest;
Of reason void, in measure all divine,
With godlike glory shall arise and shine;
Ascend to heaven, that most glorious place,
Prepared for the chosen happy race,
To dwell with God, and see him face to face.

St. Margaret, Westminster.

Mr. Joseph Skelton* died *June* 21, 1529.

Come, Alecto, and lend me thy torch,
To find a Churchyard, in a Church porch;
Poverty and poetry his tomb doth enclose,
Wherefore, good neighbour, be merry in prose.

A similar epitaph is preserved by Camden, on Mr. Thomas Churchyard, who is reported to have been buried in the porch of this Church, about the 11th of Queen Elizabeth, 1570; but according to Hackett, was buried in the chancel.

King's Arely, Worcestershire.

Litholegma Quare Reponitur Sir Harry.†

Anglice.

A heap of stones you see appear,
For why! because Sir Harry lieth here.

* This Joseph Skelton was the merry poet-laureat to Kings Henry VII. and VIII. and was buried by Mr. Thomas Churchyard, the poet.

† Sir Henry Coningsby.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey, Poets Corner.

In memory of
BARTON BOOTH, ESQ.
Descended from the ancient family
Of that name in the county of LANCASTER.
In his early youth he was admitted
Into the Collegiate School of WESTMINSTER,
Under the celebrated DR. BUSBY;
Where he soon discovered and improved a genius,
Which (favor'd by the Muse he lov'd)
So happily combin'd
The expressive powers of action,
With a peculiar grace of elocution,
As not only procured him the royal patronage,
But the grateful applause
Of a judicious public.
He died in 1733, in the 54th year
Of his age,
Very justly regretted
By all who knew how to estimate
Abilities in an actor,
Politeness in a gentleman,
Fidelity in a friend.

Bermondsey.

Bermondsey.

Here lie the bodies of MR. W. WILLIAMS, and SUSANNA, his wife, who lived in the fear of God, and died in the faith of Jesus Christ; he in *November*, 1661, aged 69; she in *February*, 1664, aged 64.

Thus youth and age, and all things pass away;
Thy turn is now, as her's was yesterday.

On a Miser who had married a Coquet.

Here resteth JOHN 'midst other clay,
Who heap'd up riches ev'ry day,
And never gave one doit away;
Parted with nothing all his life,
But what in common was—his wife.

Parish

Parish of *White Ladies*, near *Southampton*.

This world is full of crooked streets;
Death is a place where all men meets:
If life were sold, that men could buy,
The rich would live, the poor must die.

Allerton, Nottinghamshire.

Beneath the droppings of this spout,*
Here liesthe bod, on ce so stout,
Of FRANCIS THOMPSON:
A soul this carcase once possess'd
Which for its virtue was caress'd
By all who knew the owner best.
The RUFFORD† records can declare
His actions, who for seventy year,
Both drew, and drank, its potent beer.

* The stone joins the south wall of the church under one of the spouts.

† RUFFORD ABBEY was the seat of SIR GEORGE SAVILLE, BART. in whose family this person had lived as butler.

Fame mentions not, in all that time,
In this great *butler* the least crime
To stain his reputation.
To envy's self we now appeal,
If aught of fault she can reveal,
To make her declaration.
Then rest, good shade, nor hell, nor vermin fear,
Thy virtues guard thy soul, thy body good strong beer.

On a valuable Servant.

By Mr. Seward.

Much lov'd, she long with warm affection serv'd,
Much prais'd, she more than all her praise deserv'd;
As thus she liv'd, well pleasing and well pleas'd,
Her parents house a dire infection seiz'd;
Thro' kind restraint she broke, with pious strife,
Flew to their aid, and sacrific'd her life;
Recording angels hence her praise shall tell,
For few have liv'd, and few have dy'd so well.

Blandford, Dorsetshire.

To the memory of
HENRIETTA MARIA PERCY.

See from the earth the fading lily rise,
It springs, it grows, it flourishes and dies;
So this fair flow'r scarce blossom'd for a day,
Short was the bloom, and early the decay.

Old Grey Friars, Edinburgh.

Cy gist ma femme fort bien,
Pour son repose, ce pour le mien.

Thus translated.

Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

Whitechapel.

MARIA MIDDLEWOOD died *January* 30, 1794, aged two years and five months.

SARAH her Sister died *February* 8th, aged five years, both interred beneath this stone.

Sweet children, once your parents hope and joy,
Till by the fatal HOOPING-COUGH brought low;
Whose cruel rage their bliss did so annoy,
When death, fell power, gave the fatal blow:
And tho' to heaven's glorious, bright abode
Your happy spirits wing their destin'd way,
Your parents weep, while travelling life's dull road
Your sweet blossoms crop'd in early day.

Whitechapel.

In memory of

Mr. DUNCAN ROBERTSON,

Who died 20th of *November*, 1786, aged 37.

Who in assisting his friend, was cruelly cut and wounded by three Pickpockets in HIGH HOLBORN, on the 16th of *November*, of which wounds he died.

The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

On WILLIAM PIERSE, of HUTTON BONVILLE, in the county of YORK, Esq.

Reader, this marble, honour'd with the name
Of WILLIAM PIERSE, his virtues will proclaim;
Good, gen'rous, gentle, friend to human kind,
Long pains he suffer'd, patient and resign'd.

His sacrifice complete, as touch'd by fire
From heaven, he instant did his breath expire;
His death, his friends, relations, servants mourn'd,
His soul, like gold refin'd, to God return'd.

St. Catharine Cree, Leadenhall Street.

Here resteth in hope of a blessed resurrection, the body of RICHARD SPENCER, Esq. TURKEY Merchant, whose change from mortal to immortality commenced on the 3d of *September*, 1667, Æt. 50.

While he lived on earth, reason and religion were his rules, justice and temperance his measures, gravity and discretion his ornaments; he was to many helpfull, to most acceptable, to none injurious, to himself and friends consistent.

After he had seen the prodigious changes in the state, the dreadfull triumph of death by pestilence, the astonishing conflagration of the city by fire; he piously lamented the miseries; and then in peace and charity, in the faith of Christ, in the communion of the Church, he finished his course, and left behind him a good name, a virtuous example, a dear wife, and three daughters, who, for the high esteem and entire affection to her deceased husband, hath erected this monument and memorial to posterity.

If

If wealth, nor worth, nor friends, nor parts,
Can rescue from death's killing darts;
Then mind thy doom, and, passing by,
Be wise betimes, prepare to die.

New View of London.

On the Parson of a Country Parish.

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,
For egad, had he liv'd, he'd have buried us all.

On the Clerk of the Same.

Here lies within this tomb so calm
Old GILES; pray sound his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

On the Marquis of WINCHELSEA.

He who in pious times undaunted stood,
And 'midst rebellion dar'd be just and good;
Whose arms asserted, and whose suff'rings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before;
Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly Prince,
For what his earthly could not recompence:
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
Or if this happen, learn true honour here.

DRYDEN.

On a Woman who had three Husbands.

Here lies the body of MARY SEXTONE,
Who pleas'd three men, and never vex'd one:
This she can't say beneath the next stone.

St.

St. Mary, Islington.

MRS. SUSANNA BIRD

Died *August* 11th, 1786, aged 42.

Farewell, vain world, I've seen enough of thee,
And now am careless what thou say'st of me:
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My soul's at rest, my head lies quiet here:
The faults you saw in me take care to shun,
Look you at home, enough there's to be done.

St. Martin's Orgar's,

Destroyed in the Fire of LONDON.

M. S. SIR ALLEN COTTON, Knight and Alderman of LONDON, sometime Lord Mayor of this honourable city, who dyed 24th of *September*, 1628.

This monument was erected by his three sons, EDMOND, JOHN, AND WILLIAM, in a filial expression of their duties to the memory of their dear deceased father.

When

When he left earth, rich bounty dy'd,
Mild courtesie gave place to pride;
Soft mercie to bright justice sayde,
O sister! we are both betray'd:
White innocence lay on the ground
By truth, and wept at either's wound;
The sons of LEVI did lament,
Their lamps went out, their oyl was spent;
Heav'n hath his soul, and only we
Spin out our lives in misery;
So death, thou missest of thy ends,
And kill'st not him, but kill'st his friends.

Cirencester Church Yard.

Our bodies are like SHOES, which off we cast;
Physic their COBLER is, and death their LAST.

On Gilbert Walmsley, Esq.

By Mr. Seward.

Reader, if virtue, science, reason, charm,
If social charities thy bosom warm;
If, justly stil'd the guardian of the poor,
The hungry bless thy hospitable door;
Firm to Britannia's prince, religion, laws,
If freedom fire thee in thy country's cause;
With sympathetic grief these relicts see,
But think not Walmsley's dead—he lives in thee.

On Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated Actress.

By Mr. Seward.

When Oldfield dies, e'en Congreve's laurels fade,
And this we own in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

Whitechapel.

Whitechapel.

MARGARET PRATT died *January* 16th, 1789, Aged 59.

Go home, dear husband, and repent,
The loss of me do not lament;
Go home, my dear, and do not weep,
Since I am gone my CHRIST to meet.

Whitechapel.

REBECCA POWELL died *July* 12, 1772, aged 74.

Farewell, my dear beloved niece,
My nephews, and my friends;
In Heav'n I hope to meet again,
When all things have an end.
By sudden death my soul did fly away
From this vain world, it could no longer stay;
The shorter my stay, the longer is my rest,
God took me hence, because he thought it best.

Whitechapel.

Whitechapel.

JOHN MILLER died *November* 3, 1786, aged 56.

Although beneath this stone his body lies,
The soul unalter'd bounds to native skies;
There joins th' harmonious chorus of the blest,
In realms of joy and everlasting rest.

Bermondsey.

SARAH WALTER died *November* 16, 1755, aged 5 years, and 3 months.

Here lies the grief of a fond mother,
And the blasted expectation of an indulgent father.

See HARVEY's thoughts on the above in his Meditations among the Tombs.

Withenshaw, Cheshire.

On the daughter of DR. FOUNTAIN, Dean of *York*, wife of WILLIAM TATTON, Esq. of TATTON PARK in CHESHIRE.

If e'er on earth true happiness were found,
'Twas thine, bless'd shade, that happiness to prove;
A father's fondest wish thy duty crown'd,
Thy softer virtues fix'd a husband's love.

Ah! when he led thee to the nuptial fane,
How smil'd the morning with auspicious rays;
How triumph'd youth and beauty in thy train,
And flatt'ring health that promis'd length of days.

Heav'n join'd your hearts, three pledges of your joy
Were given, in thrice the year's revolving round:
Here, reader! pause, and own with pitying eye,
"That not on earth true happiness is found."

Bermondsey.

Bermondsey.

MRS. MARTHA FARMER died 27th of *February*, 1780, aged 22,

A soul prepar'd needs no delay;
The summons comes, the saints obey:
Swift was her flight, and short the road;
She clos'd her eyes, and saw her God.

Bristol Cathedral.

Sacred to the memory of
The REV. SAMUEL LOVE, A. M.
Fellow of BALIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,
And one of the Minor Canons of this Cathedral,
Who died the 18th of *October*, 1773, aged 29.

When worthless grandeur fills th' embellish'd urn,
No poignant grief attends the sable bier;
But when distinguish'd excellence we mourn,
Deep is the sorrow, genuine is the tear.

Stranger! should'st thou approach this awful shrine,
The merits of the honour'd dead to seek;
The friend, the son, the christian, the divine,
Let those who knew him, those who lov'd him, speak.

Oh! let them in some pause of anguish say,
What zeal inspir'd, what faith enlarg'd his breast:
How soon th' unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way
From earth to heav'n, from blessing to be blest.

This monument is erected
By some intimate friends of the deceased,
As a testimony
Of his worth, and their esteem.

HANNAH MORE.

Bristol Cathedral.

MARY, the daughter of WILLIAM SHERMAN, of KINGSTON upon HULL, Esq.
And Wife of the Rev. W. MASON,
Died *March* 27, 1767, aged 28.

Take,

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
Take that best gift, which heav'n so lately gave;
To BRISTOL's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died: does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
Speak, dead MARIA, breath a strain divine;
E'en from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

By a Gentleman, on himself.

O'er the proud tomb let martial banners wave,
And glorious emblems decorate the grave;
Th' historic genius trace with golden pen,
And raise to Gods, the *rich*, who died but men;
Transmit to future times the titled name,
And bid the offspring emulate their fame.

These, grandeur, are thy works; but this poor clay
Requires no Muse its virtues to pourtray;
Asks of the good alone the sigh sincere,
And on the new laid sod the pitying tear
Of them, who piously addressing heaven,
Hope with their own *his* sins may be forgiven.

Bermondsey.

Here lye the bodies of MATTHEW, ELIZABETH, MARY, and ELIZABETH, son and daughters of MATTHEW and SARAH THOMPSON, Of SNOW FIELDS.

Fright and robbery was full sore,
Pain and affliction severe I bore;
Wait thou on God and keep his way,
He shall preserve thee then
The earth to rule, and thou shalt see
Destroy'd, these wicked jurymen.

Twickenham, Middlesex.

Sacred to the memory of
MRS. CATHARINE CLIVE,
Who died *December* 7, 1785, aged 75 years.

CLIVE's

CLIVE's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,
Her moral virtues and her well earn'd fame.
In comic scenes the stage she early trod,
"Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod."
In real life was equal praise her due,
Open to pity and to friendship too;
In wit still pleasing, as in converse free
From aught that could afflict humanity.
Her gen'rous heart to all her friends was known,
And e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.
Content with fame, e'en affluence she wav'd,
To share with others what by toil she sav'd;
And, nobly bounteous, from her slender store
She bade two dear relations not be poor:
Such deeds on life's short scenes true glory shed,
And heavenly plaudits hail the virtuous dead.

St. Swithin, London Stone.

P. M. S.

Near this place lies interred the body of
MICHAEL GODFREY, Merchant,

Late of this parish, son of Mr. MICHAEL GODFREY, Merchant, and ANN MARY his wife: he was born the 22d of *February*, 1658, being elected the first deputy governor of the BANK of ENGLAND.

He

He went for FLANDERS on some important business, relating to the service of his Majesty, where attending his royal person, then encamped before NAMUR, he was slain by a cannon ball from the works of the besieged, *July* 17, 1695.

He died a batchelor, much lamented by all his friends, relations and acquaintance, for his integrity, his knowledge, and sweetness of manners: his body was brought over and buried near his father. His sorrowful mother caused this monument to be erected to the pious memory of her beloved son.

The GOD OF BATTLE found in foreign parts
The son of HERMES, fam'd for peaceful arts;
And thought it lawful prize to take his blood,
Because so near a warrior king he stood.

Westham, Essex.

Mrs. ELIZABETH HENLEY left her vale of sorrow the 22d of *August*, 1773, aged 60.

A pleasing form, a gentle, gen'rous heart,
A good companion, honest without art;
Just in her dealings, faithful to her friend,
Belov'd thro' life, lamented in her end;
A sincere christian, and a tender mother:
'Tis hard to find out such another.

Westham,

Westham, Essex.

Mrs. JANE SEXTON, of *Bishopsgate Street, London*, died November 9th, 1777, aged 52.

A christian true, a friend sincere,
In all her actions just;
A tender, faithful wife lies here,
Consign'd to native dust.

Westham, Essex.

Mr. THOMAS WARNER died September 4th, 1787, aged 53.

Our life hangs by a single thread,
Which soon is cut, and we are dead;
Then boast not, reader, of thy might,
Alive at noon, and dead at night.

On

On Hannah, wife of the Rev. Richard George Robinson, of *Litchfield*.

By Miss Seward.

Ere ten short months had run their swift career,
Three lovely sisters press th' untimely bier;
Last of the fallen blossoms, griev'd, I pay,
At thy pure shrine, this tributary lay.

If ever dwelt with mortal woman's mind,
Angelic worth, from sin's dark stain refin'd;
O gentle Hannah! in thy beauteous frame,
From heav'n to earth the soft perfection came.

Unhappy husband, who art doom'd to mourn,
Thy lamp of joy extinguish'd in her urn;
May thy torn breast congenial meekness prove,
O live! to emulate thy sainted love.

So shalt thou, passing a few patient years
With pious hope, illume thy falling tears;
And when thy clay this sacred dust shall join,
Be ever her's,—who transiently was thine.

St.

St. Margaret, Westminster.

Here lyeth WALTER GARDEN, come out of the WEST:
God geev to the soul of hym good rest:
I prey you, negbors, everich on
Prey for me, for I am gon.

Obiit 26 *April*, 1523.

Fair ROSAMOND (so called), mistress to King Henry II. was buried in the chapel belonging to GODSTOWE Nunnery near OXFORD, and the following was painted on the wall of the chancel.

Hic jacet in tumba ROSAMUNDA, non Rosamundi,
Non redolet, sed olet, quae redolere solet.

Thus translated by FABIAN.

The Rose of the world, but not the clean flowre,
Is here now graven, to whom beauty was lent:
In this grave full darke now is her bower,
That by her life was sweet and redolent;

But

But now that shee is from this life blent,
Tho' shee were sweet, now foulely doth she stinke,
A mirror good for all that on her thinke.

Thurloe in Suffolk.

To the beloved memory
Of STEPHEN SOAME, Esq.
This monument is erected by
His lamenting Widow,
Daughter of
Sir JOHN WINN, Bart.
As a lasting proof of her affection
To her kind and tender husband,
Who departed this life
The 11th of *August*, 1771,
Aged 34 years.

Stop, passenger! and drop one pitying tear
O'er the lamented form that moulders here;
Sad proof, alas! how soon our bliss is flown,
And but just tasted, ere for ever gone.
Yet stay, lov'd shade, ah! yet a moment stay,
A moment, and we all shall haste away.
Thy FRANCES only waits, thy child to rear,
Sweet pledge of all on earth my soul held dear;

When

When she can spare me, I will gladly come,
Follow thy summons to the awful tomb,
Where we may rest, secure from mortal strife,
Where none will wish to part the man and wife.

F. Soame, 1771.

This tomb scarce clos'd, my tears scarce ceas'd to flow,
When 'twas th' Almighty's will t' increase my woe;
A few short months he spar'd my darling child,
That his correction might be slow and mild.

His will be done, and may this keen felt smart
Prove the try'd furnace to refine my heart;
When thus prepar'd, Lord, be it thy decree,
To take me from this suff'ring world to thee.

F. Soame.

To the memory of
Frances Soame,
Who died *January* 3d, 1772,
Aged 5 months and 2 days.

The cup of life just with her lips she prest,
Found the taste bitter, and declin'd the rest;
Averse then turning from the face of day,
She softly sigh'd her little soul away.

F. Soame, 1772.

St. Andrew Undershaft, Leadenhall Street.

MRS. ELIZ. FORSSTEEN died *February* 6, 1795, aged 77.

Of manners mild,—to all who knew her dear,
The tender mother,—best of friends lies here;
Whose darling wish was,—Comfort to impart,
To cheer the drooping,—sooth the aching heart;
Candour and meekness shone in all she said,
Peace bless'd her life, and smooth'd her dying bed:
—Dearest of mothers! best of friends, farewell!
May this plain stone a son's affection tell;
Thro' life thy virtues were his joy and pride,
In death his best example and his guide;
Our social cares and hopes, alas! are o'er,
Thy love maternal cheers this heart no more.

There is an Inscription also in *Camberwell* church yard, to the memory of the same lady, differing very little from the above.

On

On Sir Francis Vere.

When Vere sought death, arm'd with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death like a coward struck him, and he dy'd.

Ob. 28th of *August*, 1608.

Bensington Church Yard, Oxfordshire.

On a head stone for an Infant of two years of age.

The railing world turn'd poet, made a play,
I came to see it, dislik'd, and went away.

The following Inscription is cut in marble and placed against the Wall of a Church at LAMPSPRING in GERMANY.

From London Magazine for Nov. 1757.

O, QUID TUA TE
BE! BIS? BIA ABIT
RA RA RA
ES ET IN
RAM RAM RAM
II

ET SIS UT EGO NUNC.

The following is given as a Solution.

O superbe! quid superbis? tua superbia,
Te superabit.
Terra es, et in terram ibis;
Et sis ut ego nunc.

Thus

Thus translated.

O vain man! what haughtiness thou assumest! thy pride hath overcome thee. Earth thou art, and to earth thou shalt return, and thou shalt be as I am now.

Herne Church Yard, near Canterbury.

Here lies a piece of CHRIST, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a china dish that must
Be us'd in heav'n, when God shall feed the just.

Bermondsey.

ELIZ. HOWDON
Died *February* 7, 1788.
Aged 78.

My soul, do thou look down and view
This hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

On a small brass plate beneath the north Vestry window of the Church of *St. Mary, Whitechapel.*

B. M. S.

In the East Church Yard, lyeth the body of AGNES BOUNDY, Daughter of PETER BOUNDY, Curate of DEAN in the County of BEDFORD, and MILLICENT his Wife: she was the eldest of fourteen children, eight sons and six daughters; three of which died before her, and ten survived her: She was born on *Wednesday, August* 24, 1687; and on *Wednesday, August* 9, 1716, she set out for LONDON; on *Wednesday, October* 3, the small-pox came out upon her, at her brother's house in this parish, and on *Wednesday, October* 10, the Lord who gave her took her away; blessed be the name of the Lord: so remarkable is God in his providential dispensations. Whoso are wise will observe these things, and they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord. *Psalm* 107, *Verse* 43.

On the decease of MRS. VANBUTCHEL, wife of MR. VANBUTCHEL, *Dentist*, near GROSVENOR SQUARE: he contrived, with the assistance of DR. WILLIAM HUNTER (one of the first anatomists in the kingdom), by means of a kind of pickle, so to preserve the body as to give it nearly the appearance of life and health; put it into a glass case, and shewed it for a long time to his friends and acquaintance.

The following epitaph was written upon her, by MR. GROVE, of LITCHFIELD, by way of translation to a Latin one written by DR. BAKER: which has appeared in several Magazines.

Here unentomb'd, VANBUTCHEL's consort lies,
To feed her husband's grief, or charm his eyes;
Faintless and pure her body still remains,
And all its former elegance retains:
Long had disease been preying on her charms,
Till slow she shrunk in death's expecting arms;
When HUNTER's skill, in spite of nature's laws,
Her beauties rescu'd from corruption's jaws;
Bade the pale roses of her cheeks revive,
And her shrunk features seem again to live:
—HUNTER, who first conceiv'd the happy thought,
And here at length to full perfection brought.

O lucky

O lucky husband! blest of heaven,
To thee the privilege is given
A much lov'd wife at home to keep,
Caress, touch, talk to, even sleep
Close by her side, whene'er you will,
As quiet as if living still.
And, strange to tell, that fairer she,
And sweeter than alive should be;
Fair, plump and juicy as before,
And full as tractable, or more.
Thrice happy mortal! envied lot,
What a rare treasure hast thou got;
Who to a woman can lay claim,
Whose temper's every day the same.

An epitaph upon that extraordinary character, JOHN ELWES, Esq. of MATCHEM, *Berks*, and *Stoke*, *Suffolk*.

Here, to man's honour, and to man's disgrace,
Lies a strong picture of the human race,
In ELWES's form; whose spirit, heart, and mind,
Virtue and vice in firmest tints combin'd.
Rough was the rock, but blended deep with ore,
And base the mass that many a diamond bore.
Meanness to grandeur, folly join'd to sense,
Avarice united with benevolence.

Whose

Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands a trust,
Were sometimes warmly kind and always just.
With pow'rs to reach ambition's highest birth,
He sunk a wretch that grovell'd to the earth.
Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf,
Poor to the poor, still poorer to himself.
To pleasure's joy he virtue's joy denied,
Want all his fear, and riches all his pride.
A foe to none, to many oft a friend,
Callous to give, but liberal to lend.
Whose wants, that nearly bent to all but stealth,
Ne'er in his country's plunder sought for wealth.
Call'd by her voice, but call'd without expence,
His nobler nature rous'd in her defence.
And in the senate, labouring in her cause,
The strictest guardian of the purest laws
He stood; and each instinctive taint above,
To every bribe preferr'd a people's love.
Yet still, with no stern patriotism fir'd,
Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again retir'd;
By pen'ry guarded from pride's sickly train,
Living a length of days without a pain;
And, adding to the million never try'd,
Lov'd, pity'd, scorn'd, and honour'd, ELWES died.
Learn from this proof, that in life's tempting scene,
Man is a compound of the great and mean.
Discordant qualities together ty'd,
Virtues in him with vices are ally'd.

The

The sport of follies, of crimes the heir,
Each must the mixture of an ELWES share;
Pondering his faults, his merits not disown,
But in his nature, recollect thy own;
And think for life and pardon where to trust,
Were God not mercy, when his creature's dust.

Bermondsey.

CATHERINE late wife of
MR. JOHN HERBERT,
Who died
July 25, 1794, aged 72.

Blame not this monumental stone we raise,
'Tis to the Saviour's, not the sinner's praise;
Sin was the whole she could call her own,
Her good was all deriv'd from him alone;
To sin her conflicts, pains, and griefs, she ow'd,
Her conquering faith and patience he bestow'd:
Reader, mayst thou obtain like precious faith,
To smile in anguish, and rejoice in death.

NEWTON.

St. Alban's, Wood Street.

What! is she dead? doth he survive?
No: both are dead, and both alive!
She lives, he's dead, by love though grieving,
In him for her, yet dead, yet living;
Both dead and living! then what is gone?
One half of both, not any one;
One mind, one faith, one hope, one grave,
In life, in death they had, and still they have.

Amor conjugalis æternus.

ANNE GIBSON dyed 29 DECEMBER, 1611.

Maitland's Edition of Stowe's Survey.

Newington Butts, Surry.

Here lies buried
JANE EWINGS, who died
May the 8th, 1781.

God made me and not myself; he created me for his pleasure, and at his pleasure he has disposed of me; he alone knows through what new scenes I must

must pass, and he will conduct me through them, so as to answer the end of his providence; I resign myself in full confidence on that sovereign Being, who is just and merciful to all his creatures, and say not my will, but thine be done.

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